A SELECTION OF ENGLISH POETRY

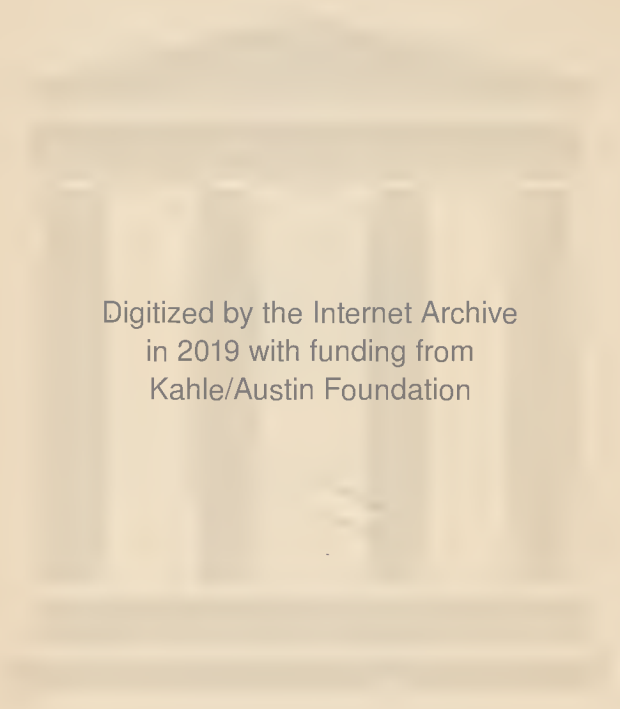
50°
F. Morrell
Sec b. 149.
Dean (Complimentary)
Sept. 23. 1932

NUNC COGNOSCO EX PARTE

TRENT UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

PRESENTED BY

Mrs. H.H. Graham



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/selectionofengli0000macd

A SELECTION OF ENGLISH POETRY

REVISED EDITION

A SELECTION
of
ENGLISH POETRY

(REVISED EDITION)

EDITED BY

W. L. MACDONALD, M.A., PH.D.
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

AND

F. C. WALKER, M.A., PH.D.
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

TORONTO AND LONDON
J. M. DENT AND SONS LTD.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THIS EDITION 1926
REVISED EDITION . . . 1930
REPRINTED 1931

PR 1175.M35

PREFACE

This selection of poems was originally made to illustrate such of the different modes of poetry—narrative, lyric, and the rest—as were not debarred by mere bulk from inclusion in a small volume. In the present edition the scope has been somewhat reduced to adapt the book to a special purpose, a purpose which has also demanded some interchange of poems between the two parts and the introduction of one or two entirely new pieces. The content, however, of the two parts as they stand seems to us fairly illustrative of three divisions of poetry—narrative, descriptive, and lyric.

The poems, about seventy-five in number, exemplify the work of some sixty poets from the Elizabethans to the Georgians. In the narrative groups some preference has been shown to the Romanticists and the greater Victorians, but as a whole the poems emphasise no particular age or school. Within the main divisions they are arranged to follow no definite order, chronological or otherwise. In one or two instances, as in the case of Raleigh's *Her Reply*, a poem may be found appropriately neighboured; but usually there is little relationship of subject between successive poems. It was thought that variety would be the best encouragement to the appetite of the straightforward reader, and that no arrangement would much assist the pickers and choosers. If an anthology, as its derivation suggests, is an arrangement of flowers culled from the garden of poesy, this of ours is an old-fashioned nosegay, wherein marigold, pink, and

004082

daffodil touch petals in a varied appeal of perfume and colour. It may even be that we have included among the flowers some vulgar blossoms that belong outside the pale of poesy altogether.

What is poetry? We should like to make our definition fairly inclusive, not insisting on Matthew Arnold's "high seriousness"—in a literal sense, at least—nor putting out of court all representation of the grotesque, ugly, or painful. Life is not all lofty and serious; life is often ugly and painful; and if, as we believe, poetry claims all life as her province, she must be correspondingly catholic. So we make no apology for a poem like *Ducks*, which emphasises the humour as well as the ungainliness of one of the Creator's works. It is poetry in that it is the fresh and adequate expression in metrical language of an intense experience that has been imaginatively realised. And this applies in the main to Lanigan's *Threnody*, though here the experience—the loss of a great leader by death—is realised by a sort of imaginative gymnastics which leaps its way to the grave of the Akhoond on the precarious footing afforded by fragments of former odes. If this composition is not poetry, it is not because the writer laments a man of whom he knows practically nothing and can care nothing, or because this is obvious in the verses, but because he destroys the integrity of his crocodile tears by playing tricks with words.

Between the different experiences that the poet can express in verse we do not mean to make invidious distinction. Thus to the realisation of emotion, which is the source of lyrical poetry, we would not give precedence over the realisation of things, which makes for descriptive poetry, or the realisation of action, which is responsible for narrative and for dramatic poetry. That we have included a relatively large number of lyrics in the volume is due to the convenient shortness of the form

and to the number and variety of excellent lyrics available. And a count of pages will at once show that the lyrics occupy far less actual space than the narrative poems.

We hope that the reader will be aided by our apparatus of critical notes. While we have in this edition added considerably to the comment on various poems, we have tried to hold to our former principle—to explain rather than to appreciate and to be as brief as is consistent with helpfulness. Brevity has equally been our aim in the biographical notes, as we feel that on the lives of important poets substantial information is readily obtainable elsewhere.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For kind permission to reprint copyright poems our thanks are due to:

Messrs D. Appleton & Co., New York, for " Spring and the Angel," from *Selected Poems* by C. H. Towne.

Martin Armstrong and Messrs Martin Secker Ltd., for " Miss Thompson Goes Shopping."

Messrs Jonathan Cape Ltd., for " The Nature Lover " and " To a Lady Friend," by W. H. Davies.

Messrs Chatto & Windus, for " Requiem," by R. L. Stevenson.

Messrs Constable & Co. Ltd., for " Juggling Jerry," by George Meredith.

Messrs Constable & Co. Ltd., and Messrs Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, for " Marian," by George Meredith.

Messrs J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., for " The Donkey," by G. K. Chesterton.

Messrs Doubleday Page & Co., for " A Noiseless Patient Spider," from *Leaves of Grass* by Walt Whitman.

Mr Wilfrid Gibson and The Macmillan Company of Canada and New York, for " The Ice-Cart."

Messrs William Heinemann Ltd., for " An Interlude," by A. C. Swinburne.

Rudyard Kipling and the Oxford University Press, Toronto, for " The Ballad of East and West," from *Barrack-Room Ballads*, and " A Truthful Song," from *Rewards and Fairies*.

Messrs John Lane Ltd., for " Norman Church," by Kenneth Ashley and " Père Lalemant," by Marjorie Pickthall.

D. H. Lawrence and Messrs Martin Secker Ltd., for "Snake."

Messrs Longmans Green & Co. Ltd., Toronto, for "Ballade of Primitive Man," by A. Lang, and "The Day is Coming," by William Morris.

Sylvia Lynd for "Farewell in February."

Messrs Macmillan & Co. Ltd., for "Time, You Old Gipsy Man," by Ralph Hodgson.

John Masefield for "The Rider at the Gate," from *King Cole and Other Poems*, published by Messrs William Heinemann Ltd., and "Sea Fever," from *Salt Water Ballads*.

Messrs McClelland & Stewart Ltd., for "Peony," and "The Choristers," by Bliss Carman from *Later Poems*.

Messrs Methuen & Co. Ltd., for "A Summer Storm," by D. C. Scott, and "Requiescat," by Oscar Wilde.

Mr Murray John for "Echetlos," by Robert Browning.

The Musson Book Co. Ltd., for "After the Shower," from the *Complete Poems of Archibald Lampman*.

The Oxford University Press for "Circe," by Austin Dobson, and for permission to use the Oxford Text of poems by Browning, Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, Keats, Scott, Burns, and Cowper.

The Poetry Bookshop for "Unknown Country," by Harold Monro.

Messrs G. P. Putnam's Sons Ltd., for "Maxime Labelle," from *The Habitant and Other Poems* by W. H. Drummond.

Messrs Selwyn & Blount Ltd., for "Words," by Edward Thomas.

Edward Shanks for "The Swimmers."

Messrs Sidgwick & Jackson Ltd., for "On the Wings of the Morning," by Jeffrey Day, "Ducks," by F. W. Harvey, and "Romance," by W. J. Turner.

Messrs T. Fisher Unwin Ltd., for "Dawn Angels," and "Le Roi est Mort," from *Lyrics* by A. M. F. Robinson.

The Publishers have been unable to get into touch with the holders of copyright in "A Threnody," by G. T. Lanigan, and "Zuleika," by Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

We further wish to express our appreciation to Dr G. G. Sedgwick, Head of the Department of English, University of British Columbia, for his valuable advice while this book was in the process of making; and to the Committee of High School teachers of English in this Province for the very helpful suggestions and criticism both as to the table of contents and the notes.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PART I

I. NARRATIVE :

		PAGE
The Eve of St. Agnes	*Keats*	1
Abou Ben Adhem	*Hunt*	11
The Forsaken Merman	*Arnold*	12
The Rider at the Gate	*Masefield*	16
Iphigeneia and Agamemnon	*Landor*	18
The Church of Brou	*Arnold*	19
Miss Thompson Goes Shopping	*Martin Armstrong*	25

II. DESCRIPTIVE AND IDYLLIC :

The Deserted Village	*Goldsmith*	33
Farewell in February	*Sylvia Lynd*	44
The Poplars	*B. F. Trotter*	47
Unknown Country	*H. Monro*	48
Norman Church: New Coalfield	*K. H. Ashley*	49
A Summer Storm	*D. C. Scott*	50
On the Wings of the Morning	*Jeffrey Day*	51
Snake	*D. H. Lawrence*	53
The Swimmers	*E. B. Shanks*	55

III. LYRIC:

Zuleika	*O'Shaughnessy*	58
St. Agnes' Eve	*Tennyson*	59
Marching Along	*Browning*	60
The Choristers	*Carman*	61
The Piper	*Blake*	63
The Lamb	*Blake*	64
The Tiger	*Blake*	65
The New Jerusalem	*Blake*	65
Contentment	*O. W. Holmes*	66
The Haunted Palace	*Poe*	68
After the Shower	*A. Lampman*	70

III. Lyric—*continued*

		PAGE
Père Lalemant	*M. L. C. Pickthall*	70
Just a Clerk	*H. J. MacLean*	72
The Nature Lover	*W. H. Davies*	73
The Ice-Cart	*W. W. Gibson*	73
The Passionate Shepherd to His Love	*Marlowe*	74
Her Reply	*Raleigh*	75
Go, Lovely Rose	*Waller*	76
A Noiseless Patient Spider	*Whitman*	77
Romance	*W. J. Turner*	77
Time, You Old Gipsy Man	*R. Hodgson*	78
The Donkey	*G. K. Chesterton*	79
Spring and the Angel	*C. H. Towne*	80
When Icicles Hang by the Wall	*Shakespeare*	82
Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind	*Shakespeare*	82
The Banks o' Doon	*Burns*	83
Tam Glen	*Burns*	84
Say not the Struggle Naught Availeth	*Clough*	85
Requiem	*Stevenson*	85
Sea Fever	*Masefield*	86
On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture	*Cowper*	86
Peony	*Carman*	90

PART II

I. Narrative:

Sohrab and Rustum	*Arnold*	92
Michael	*Wordsworth*	114
Echetlos	*Browning*	127
The Ballad of East and West	*Kipling*	128
Maxime Labelle	*Drummond*	133

II. Descriptive and Idyllic:

Ducks	*F. W. Harvey*	138
Dawn Angels	*A. M. F. Robinson*	140
Lake Coriskin	*Scott*	141
The Vicar	*Praed*	143

III. Lyric:

		PAGE
The Cane-bottom'd Chair	*Thackeray*	147
Circe	*A. Dobson*	149
A Threnody	*G. T. Lanigan*	149
A Truthful Song	*Kipling*	151
Marian	*Meredith*	152
Juggling Jerry	*Meredith*	153
To a Lady Friend	*W. H. Davies*	156
"God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen"	*Anonymous*	157
Song Written at Sea	*Sackville*	158
Le Roi est Mort	*A. M. F. Robinson*	161
Requiescat	*O. Wilde*	161
The Forging of the Anchor	*Sir S. Ferguson*	162
A Parental Ode to My Son	*Hood*	165
Words	*Edward Thomas*	167
Bonnie Dundee	*Scott*	169
An Interlude	*Swinburne*	170
The Day is Coming	*Morris*	172
Ballade of Primitive Man	*A. Lang*	176
Alexander's Feast	*Dryden*	177

Notes 183

Biographical Notes 207

Index of Authors 214

PART ONE

I. NARRATIVE

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

St Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by, and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor.
But no—already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung;
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Star'd, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting faerily
The brain new-stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retir'd; not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere;
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort
Of whisperers in anger or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with faery fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things have been.

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell,
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel:
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage; not one breast affords
Him any mercy in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland.
He startled her: but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand:
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his grey hairs—Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away."—"Ah, Gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how"—"Good saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
And as she mutter'd "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days.
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays
To venture so: it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
This very night: good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile,—I've mickle time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
"A cruel man and impious thou art!
Sweet lady! let her pray, and sleep, and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear!"
Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face.
Good Angela, believe me, by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never miss'd." Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame:
"All cates and dainties shall be stored there
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
The while. Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

So saying she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
No utter'd syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries,
Of fruits and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breath'd himself: then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo!—how fast she slept!

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

These delicates he heap'd with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mus'd awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd "La belle dame sans mercy":
Close to her ear touching the melody;—
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan:
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep.
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh,
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
How chang'd thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blended its odour with the violet;—
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love's alarum, pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet.
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
'Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave and beat:
" No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.
Cruel! What traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;—
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shap'd and vermeil-dy'd?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famish'd pilgrim,—saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest,
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from faery land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—
The bloated wassaillers will never heed;—
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead.
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears.
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found;
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horsemen, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:—
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone: aye, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

JOHN KEATS.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,

And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision rais'd its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

COME, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below.
Now my brothers call from the bay;
Now the great winds shorewards blow;
Now the salt tides seawards flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away.
This way, this way.

Call her once before you go.
Call once yet.
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear:
Children's voices, wild with pain.
Surely she will come again.
Call her once and come away.
This way, this way.
"Mother dear, we cannot stay."
The wild white horses foam and fret.
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down.
Call no more.
One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore;
Then come down.
She will not come though you call all day.
Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream;
Where the sea-beasts ranged all round
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea.
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."

I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves.
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say.
Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town.
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones, worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here.
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone.
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book.
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more.
Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down.
Down to the depths of the sea.
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark, what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy!
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun."
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at the sand;
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh.
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children.
Come children, come down.
The hoarse wind blows colder;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber.
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she.
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow;
When clear falls the moonlight;
When spring-tides are low:
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom;
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom:
Up the still glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.

We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side—
  And then come back down.
Singing, "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she.
She left lonely for ever
  The kings of the sea."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE RIDER AT THE GATE

A WINDY night was blowing on Rome,
The cressets guttered on Cæsar's home,
The fish-boats, moored at the bridge, were breaking
The rush of the river to yellow foam.

The hinges whined to the shutters shaking,
When clip-clop-clep came a horse-hoof raking
The stones of the road at Cæsar's gate;
The spear-butts jarred at the guard's awaking.

"Who goes there?" said the guard at the gate.
"What is the news, that you ride so late?"
"News most pressing, that must be spoken
To Cæsar alone, and that cannot wait."

"The Cæsar sleeps; you must show a token
That the news suffice that he be awoken.
What is the news, and whence do you come?
For no light cause may his sleep be broken."

"Out of the dark of the sands I come,
From the dark of death, with news for Rome.
A word so fell that it must be uttered
Though it strike the soul of the Cæsar dumb."

Cæsar turned in his bed and muttered,
With a struggle for breath the lamp-flame guttered;

Calpurnia heard her husband moan:
"The house is falling,
The beaten men come into their own."

"Speak your word," said the guard at the gate;
"Yes, but bear it to Cæsar straight,
Say, 'Your murderer's knives are honing,
Your killer's gang is lying in wait.'

"Out of the wind that is blowing and moaning,
Through the city palace and the country loaning,
I cry, 'For the world's sake, Cæsar, beware,
And take this warning as my atoning.

"'Beware of the Court, of the palace stair,
Of the downcast friend who speaks so fair,
Keep from the Senate, for Death is going
On many men's feet to meet you there.'

"I, who am dead, have ways of knowing
Of the crop of death that the quick are sowing.
I, who was Pompey, cry it aloud
From the dark of death, from the wind blowing.

"I, who was Pompey, once was proud,
Now I lie in the sand without a shroud;
I cry to Cæsar out of my pain,
'Cæsar, beware, your death is vowed.'"

The light grew grey on the window-pane,
The windcocks swung in a burst of rain,
The window of Cæsar flung unshuttered,
The horse-hoofs died into wind again.

Cæsar turned in his bed and muttered,
With a struggle for breath the lamp-flame guttered;
Calpurnia heard her husband moan:
"The house is falling,
The beaten men come into their own."

JOHN MASEFIELD.

IPHIGENEIA AND AGAMEMNON

Iphigeneia, when she heard her doom
At Aulis, and when all beside the king
Had gone away, took his right hand, and said,
"O father! I am young and very happy.
I do not think the pious Calchas heard
Distinctly what the Goddess spake. Old-age
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood
While I was resting on her knee both arms
And hitting it to make her mind my words,
And looking in her face, and she in mine,
Might he not also hear one word amiss,
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus?"
The father placed his cheek upon her head,
And tears dropt down it, but the king of men
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more.
"O father! say'st thou nothing? Hear'st thou not
Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,
Listened to fondly, and awakened me
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
When it was inarticulate as theirs,
And the down deadened it within the nest?"
He moved her gently from him, silent still,
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,
Although she saw fate nearer; then with sighs,
"I thought to have laid down my hair before
Benignant Artemis, and not have dimmed
Her polisht altar with my virgin blood;
I thought to have selected the white flowers
To please the Nymphs, and to have asked of each
By name, and with no sorrowful regret,
Whether, since both my parents willed the change,
I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow;
And (after those who mind us girls the most)
Adore our own Athena, that she would
Regard me wildly with her azure eyes.
But, father! to see you no more, and see
Your love, O father! go ere I am gone." . . .

Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,
Bending his lofty head far over hers,
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.
He turned away; not far, but silent still.
She now first shuddered; for in him, so nigh,
So long a silence seemed the approach of death,
And like it. Once again she raised her voice.
"O father! if the ships are now detained,
And all your vows move not the Gods above,
When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer
The less to them: and purer can there be
Any, or more fervent than the daughter's prayer
For her dear father's safety and success?"
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
An aged man now entered, and without
One word, stept slowly on, and took the wrist
Of the pale maiden. She looked up, and saw
The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes;
Then turned she where her parent stood, and cried,
"O father! grieve no more: the ships can sail."

W. S. Landor.

THE CHURCH OF BROU

I. THE CASTLE

Down the Savoy valleys sounding,
Echoing round this castle old,
'Mid the distant mountain chalets
Hark! what bell for church is toll'd?

In the bright October morning
Savoy's Duke had left his bride.
From the Castle, past the drawbridge,
Flow'd the hunters' merry tide.

Steeds are neighing, gallants glittering.
Gay, her smiling lord to greet,
From her mullion'd chamber casement
Smiles the Duchess Marguerite.

From Vienna by the Danube
Here she came, a bride, in spring.
Now the autumn crisps the forest;
Hunters gather, bugles ring.

Hounds are pulling, prickers swearing,
Horses fret, and boar-spears glance:
Off!—they sweep the marshy forests,
Westward, on the side of France.

Hark! the game's on foot; they scatter—
Down the forest ridings lone,
Furious, single horsemen gallop.
Hark! a shout—a crash—a groan!

Pale and breathless, came the hunters.
On the turf dead lies the boar.
God! the Duke lies stretch'd beside him
Senseless, weltering in his gore.

. . . . . .

In the dull October evening,
Down the leaf-strewn forest road,
To the Castle, past the drawbridge,
Came the hunters with their load.

In the hall, with sconces blazing,
Ladies waiting round her seat,
Cloth'd in smiles, beneath the dais,
Sate the Duchess Marguerite.

Hark! below the gates unbarring!
Tramp of men and quick commands!
"—'Tis my lord came back from hunting,"—
And the Duchess claps her hands.

Slow and tired came the hunters;
Stopp'd in darkness in the court.
"—Ho, this way, ye laggard hunters!
To the hall! What sport, what sport?"—

Slow they enter'd with their Master;
In the hall they laid him down.
On his coat were leaves and bloodstains:
On his brow an angry frown.

Dead her princely youthful husband
Lay before his youthful wife;
Bloody, 'neath the flaring sconces:
And the sight froze all her life.

. . . . . .

In Vienna by the Danube
Kings hold revel, gallants meet.
Gay of old amid the gayest
Was the Duchess Marguerite.

In Vienna by the Danube
Feast and dance her youth beguil'd.
Till that hour she never sorrow'd;
But from then she never smil'd.

'Mid the Savoy mountain valleys
Far from town or haunt of man,
Stands a lonely Church, unfinish'd,
Which the Duchess Maud began:

Old, that Duchess stern began it,
In grey age, with palsied hands;
But she died as it was building,
And the Church unfinish'd stands;

Stands as erst the builders left it,
When she sunk into her grave.
Mountain greensward paves the chancel;
Harebells flower in the nave.

"—In my Castle all is sorrow,"
Said the Duchess Marguerite then.
"Guide me, vassals, to the mountains!
We will build the Church again."—

Sandall'd palmers, faring homeward,
Austrian knights from Syria came.
"—Austrian wanderers bring, O warders,
Homage to your Austrian dame."—

From the gate the warders answer'd;
"—Gone, O knights, is she you knew.
Dead our Duke, and gone his Duchess.
Seek her at the Church of Brou."—

Austrian knights and march-worn palmers
Climb the winding mountain way—
Reach the valley, where the Fabric
Rises higher day by day.

Stones are sawing, hammers ringing;
On the work the bright sun shines:
In the Savoy mountain meadows,
By the stream, below the pines.

On her palfrey white the Duchess
Sate and watch'd her working train;
Flemish carvers, Lombard gilders,
German masons, smiths from Spain.

Clad in black, on her white palfrey;
Her old architect beside—
There they found her in the mountains,
Morn and noon and eventide.

There she sate, and watch'd the builders,
Till the Church was roof'd and done.
Last of all, the builders rear'd her
In the nave a tomb of stone.

On the tomb two Forms they sculptur'd,
Lifelike in the marble pale.
One, the Duke in helm and armour;
One, the Duchess in her veil.

Round the tomb the carved stone fretwork
  Was at Easter-tide put on.
Then the Duchess closed her labours;
  And she died at the St. John.

II. THE CHURCH

Upon the glistening leaden roof
  Of the new Pile, the sunlight shines.
    The stream goes leaping by.
The hills are cloth'd with pines sun-proof.
  Mid bright green fields, below the pines,
    Stands the Church on high.
What Church is this, from men aloof?
'Tis the Church of Brou.

At sunrise, from their dewy lair
  Crossing the stream, the kine are seen
    Round the wall to stray;
The churchyard wall that clips the square
  Of shaven hill-sward trim and green
    Where last year they lay.
But all things now are order'd fair
Round the Church of Brou.

On Sundays, at the matin chime,
  The Alpine peasants, two and three,
    Climb up here to pray.
Burghers and dames, at summer's prime,
  Ride out to church from Chambery,
    Dight with mantles gay.
But else it is a lonely time
Round the Church of Brou.

On Sundays, too, a priest doth come
  From the wall'd town beyond the pass,
    Down the mountain way.
And then you hear the organ's hum,

You hear the white-rob'd priest say mass,
And the people pray.
But else the woods and fields are dumb
Round the Church of Brou.

And after church, when mass is done,
The people to the nave repair
Round the Tomb to stray.
And marvel at the Forms of stone,
And praise the chisell'd broideries rare.
Then they drop away.
The Princely Pair are left alone
In the Church of Brou.

III. THE TOMB

So rest, for ever rest, O Princely Pair!
In your high Church, 'mid the still mountain air,
Where horn, and hound, and vassals, never come.
Only the blessed Saints are smiling dumb
From the rich painted windows of the nave
On aisle, and transept, and your marble grave:
Where thou, young Prince, shalt never more arise
From the fring'd mattress where thy Duchess lies,
On autumn mornings, when the bugle sounds,
And ride across the drawbridge with thy hounds
To hunt the boar in the crisp woods till eve.
And thou, O Princess, shalt no more receive,
Thou and thy ladies, in the hall of state,
The jaded hunters with their bloody freight,
Coming benighted to the castle gate.
So sleep, for ever sleep, O Marble Pair!
And if ye wake, let it be then, when fair
On the carv'd Western Front a flood of light
Streams from the setting sun, and colours bright
Prophets, transfigured Saints, and Martyrs brave,
In the vast western window of the nave;
And on the pavement round the Tomb there glints
A chequer-work of glowing sapphire tints,

And amethyst, and ruby;—then unclose
Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,
And from your broider'd pillows lift your heads,
And rise upon your cold white marble beds,
And looking down on the warm rosy tints
That chequer, at your feet, the illumin'd flints,
Say—"*What is this? we are in bliss—forgiven—*
Behold the pavement of the courts of Heaven!"—
Or let it be on autumn nights, when rain
Doth rustlingly above your heads complain
On the smooth leaden roof, and on the walls
Shedding her pensive light at intervals
The Moon through the clere-story windows shines,
And the wind wails among the mountain pines.
Then, gazing up through the dim pillars high,
The foliag'd marble forest where ye lie,
"*Hush*"—ye will say—"*it is eternity.*
This is the glimmering verge of Heaven, and these
The columns of the Heavenly Palaces."—
And in the sweeping of the wind your ear
The passage of the Angels' wings will hear,
And on the lichen-crusted leads above
The rustle of the eternal rain of Love.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MISS THOMPSON GOES SHOPPING

Miss Thompson at Home

In her lone cottage on the downs,
With winds and blizzards and great crowns
Of shining cloud, with wheeling plover
And short grass sweet with the small white clover,
Miss Thompson lived, correct and meek,
A lonely spinster, and every week
On market-day she used to go
Into the little town below,
Tucked in the great downs' hollow bowl,
Like pebbles gathered in a shoal.

She Goes a-Marketing

So, having washed her plates and cup
And banked the kitchen fire up,
Miss Thompson slipped upstairs and dressed,
Put on her black (her second best),
The bonnet trimmed with rusty plush,
Peeped in the glass with simpering blush,
From camphor-smelling cupboard took
Her thicker jacket off the hook
Because the day might turn to cold.
Then, ready, slipped downstairs and rolled
The hearthrug back; then searched about,
Found her basket, ventured out,
Snecked the door and paused to lock it
And plunged the key in some deep pocket.
Then as she tripped demurely down
The steep descent, the little town
Spread wider till its sprawling street
Enclosed her and her footfalls beat
On hard stone pavement; and she felt
Those throbbing ecstasies that melt
Through heart and mind as, happy, free,
Her small, prim personality
Merged into the seething strife
Of auction-marts and city life.

She Visits the Bootmaker

Serenely down the busy stream
Miss Thompson floated in a dream.
Now, hovering beelike, she would stop
Entranced before some tempting shop,
Getting in people's way and prying
At things she never thought of buying;
Now wafted on without an aim.
And thus in course of time she came
To Watson's bootshop. Long she pries
At boots and shoes of every size,
Brown football boots, with bar and stud,
For boys that scuffle in the mud,

And dancing-pumps with pointed toes
Glassy as jet, and dull black bows;
Slim ladies' shoes with two-inch heel,
And sprinkled beads of gold and steel.
"How anyone can wear such things!"
On either side the doorway springs
(As in a tropic jungle loom
Masses of strange thick-petalled bloom
And fruits misshapen) fold on fold
A growth of sandshoes rubber-soled,
Clambering the doorposts, branching, spawning
Their barbarous bunches like an awning
Over the windows and the doors.

Is Tempted

But, framed among the other stores,
Something has caught Miss Thompson's eye
(O worldliness, O vanity!),
A pair of slippers—scarlet plush.
Miss Thompson feels a conscious blush
Suffuse her face, as though her thought
Had ventured further than it ought.
But O that colour's rapturous singing
And the answer in her lone heart ringing!
She turns (O, Guardian Angels, stop her
From doing anything improper!).
She turns; and, see, she stoops and bungles
In through the sandshoes' hanging jungles,
Away from light and common-sense,
Into the shop dim-lit and dense
With smells of polish and tanned hide.
Soon from a dark recess inside
Fat Mrs. Watson comes, slip slop,
To mind the business of the shop.
She walks flat-footed with a roll—
A serviceable, homely soul,
With kindly, ugly face like dough,
Hair dull and colourless as tow.

A huge Scotch pebble fills the space
Between her bosom and her face.
One sees her making beds all day.
Miss Thompson lets her say her say
—"So chilly for the time of year.
It's ages since we saw you here"—
Then, heart a-flutter, speech precise,
Describes the shoes and asks the price.
"Them, miss? Ah, them is six-and-nine!"

Wrestles with the Temptation

Miss Thompson shudders down the spine
(Dream of impossible romance).
She eyes them with a wistful glance,
Torn between good and evil. Yes,
For half a minute, and no less,
Miss Thompson strives with seven devils,
Then, soaring over earthly levels,
Turns from the shoes with lingering touch—

And is Saved

"Ah, six-and-nine is far too much!
Sorry to trouble you. Good-day!"

She Visits the Fishmonger

A little further down the way
Stands Miles's fish-shop, whence is shed
So strong a smell of fishes dead
That people of a subtler sense
Hold their breath and hurry thence.
Miss Thompson hovers there and gazes.
Her housewife's knowing eye appraises
Salt and fresh, severely cons
Kippers bright as tarnished bronze;
Great cods disposed upon the sill,
Chilly and wet with gaping gill,
Flat head, glazed eye, and mute, uncouth,
Shapeless, wan, old-woman's mouth.

Next, a row of soles and plaice,
With querulous and twisted face,
And red-eyed bloaters, golden-grey;
Smoked haddocks ranked in neat array;
A group of smelts that take the light
Like slips of rainbow, pearly bright;
Silver trout with rosy spots,
And coral shrimps with keen black dots
For eyes, and hard and jointed sheath
And crisp tails curving underneath.
But there upon the sanded floor,
More wonderful in all that store
Than anything on slab or shelf,
Stood Miles the fishmonger himself.
Foursquare he stood and filled the place.
His huge hands and his jolly face
Were red. He had a mouth to quaff
Pint after pint: a sounding laugh,
But wheezy at the end, and oft
His eyes bulged outwards and he coughed.
Aproned he stood from chin to toe.
The apron's vertical long flow
Warped grandly outwards to display
His hale, round belly hung midway,
Whose apex was securely bound
With apron-strings wrapped round and round.
Outside Miss Thompson, small and staid,
Felt, as she always felt, afraid
Of this huge man who laughed so loud
And drew the notice of the crowd.
Awhile she paused in timid thought,
Then promptly hurried in and bought
"Two kippers, please. Yes, lovely weather."
"Two kippers? Sixpence altogether."
And in her basket laid the pair
Wrapped face to face in newspaper.

Relapses into Temptation

Then on she went, as one half blind,
For things were stirring in her mind.

Then turned about with fixed intent,
And, heading for the bootshop, went

And Falls

Straight in and bought the scarlet slippers,
And popped them in beside the kippers.

She Visits the Chemist

So much for that. From there she tacked,
Still flushed by this decisive act,
Westward, and came without a stop
To Mr. Wren the chemist's shop,
And paused outside awhile to see
The tall, big-bellied bottles, three—
Red, blue, and emerald, richly bright,
Each with its burning core of light.
The bell chimed as she pushed the door,
Spotless the oilcloth on the floor,
Limpid as water each glass case,
Each thing precisely in its place.
Rows of small drawers, black-lettered each
With curious words of foreign speech,
Ranked high above the other ware.
The old strange fragrance filled the air,
A fragrance like the garden pink,
But tinged with vague medicinal stink
Of camphor, soap, new sponges, blent
With chloroform and violet scent.
And Wren the chemist tall and spare
Stood gaunt behind his counter there.
Quiet and very wise he seemed,
With skull-like face, bald head that gleamed;
Through spectacles his eyes looked kind;
He wore a pencil tucked behind
His ear. And never he mistakes
The wildest signs the doctor makes
Prescribing drugs. Brown paper, string
He will not use for anything,

But all in neat white parcels packs
And sticks them up with sealing-wax.
Miss Thompson bowed and blushed, and then
Undoubting bought of Mr. Wren,
Being free from modern scepticism,
A bottle for her rheumatism,
Also some peppermints to take
In case of wind; an oval cake
Of scented soap; a penny square
Of pungent naphthalene to scare
The moth. And after Wren had wrapped
And sealed the lot, Miss Thompson clapped
Them in beside the fish and shoes.
"Good-day," she says, and off she goes.

Is Led Away by the Pleasure of the Town

Bee-like, Miss Thompson, whither next?
Outside you pause awhile, perplext,
Your bearings lost. Then all comes back,
And round she wheels, hot on the track
Of Giles the grocer; and from there
To Emilie the milliner,
There to be tempted by the sight
Of hats and blouses fiercely bright.
(O guard Miss Thompson, Powers that Be,
From Crudeness and Vulgarity!)
Still on from shop to shop she goes
With sharp bird's-eye, inquiring nose,
Prying and peering, entering some,
Oblivious of the thought of home.

Is Convinced of Indiscretion

The town brimmed up with deep-blue haze,
But still she stayed to flit and gaze,
Her eyes a-blur with rapturous sights,
Her small soul full of small delights,
Empty her purse, her basket filled.
The traffic in the town was stilled.
The clock struck six. Men thronged the inns.
Dear, dear, she should be home long since.

And Returns Home

Then as she climbed the misty downs
The lamps were lighted in the town's
Small streets. She saw them star by star
Multiplying from afar;
Till, mapped beneath her, she could trace
Each street and the wide, square market-place
Sunk deep and deeper as she went
Higher up the steep ascent.
And all that soul-uplifting stir
Step by step fell back from her,
The glory gone, the blossoming
Shrivelled, and she, a small, frail thing,
Carrying her laden basket. Till
Darkness and silence of the hill
Received her in their restful care
And stars came dropping through the air.

But loudly, sweetly sang the slippers
In the basket with the kippers.
And loud and sweet the answering thrills
From her lone heart on the hills.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

II. DESCRIPTIVE AND IDYLLIC

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene;
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made;
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree:
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:

These were thy charms, sweet village; sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain:
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way.
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,

And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and GOD has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations pass'd,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine!
How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!

For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While Resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be pass'd!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watchdog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
She, wretched matron, forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wished to change his place;
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around.
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place:
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The Twelve Good Rules, the Royal Game of Goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be press'd,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure, all
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:

But when those charms are pass'd, for charms are frail,
When time advances and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah! where, shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd;

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;

When the poor exiles, every pleasure pass'd,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire, the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curs'd by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land:
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame:
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell, and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth; with thy persuasive strain
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very bless'd;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

Oliver Goldsmith.

FAREWELL IN FEBRUARY

I

Through the small window on the stair
As I leant out to take the air
At the slow-fading end of day,
I heard the thrushes sing and say:
This is the end of winter.

This is the end, I thought, although
The northward fields are rimmed with snow,
And like a thrush's breast the down
Is speckled o'er with white and brown;
Though no sharp plough the furrow grooves,
Though still the seagulls' white-winged droves
Flurry above the inland plain—
Winter withdraws from earth again—
This is the end of winter.

Since then, I thought, I shall not see
New buds alight in every tree,
Nor watch the sun at evenfall
Put gold upon my bedroom wall,
And no more at this window lean
To feel the sweet air pressing in—
Here for a little while I'll rest
And mark the garden's every crest,
That in my mind when I am gone
Its birds and boughs may still live on.

II

This place that I'll not see again
Shall wear its seasons in my brain;
Clothed in fine weather it shall shine
Thorough what journeys may be mine,
Nor drought nor deluge shall destroy
What in my fancy I enjoy.
Here not a seed on barren ground
Shall fall, and not a grub be found.
All happy weathers, seasons, hours,
Entangled still with fruit and flowers,
In gay confusion shall display
The charms of Michaelmas or May.
Fresh leaves and blossoms I'll set in it
And plums shall ripened be next minute;
Through scarlet currants that appear
Like earrings in a lady's ear

Shall slant the beams of morning sun—
Next pinks breathe sweet and day be done:
There be the moon and there tiptoe
The stars among the branches go,
And that young jasmine by the wall
Shall grow a flowery waterfall.
So rich in crops, so quickly weeded,
Where never fork or hoe is needed,
This place I leave beneath grey skies
Shall be my spirit's paradise.

III

What once was there and what there never
Who from thought's thicket can dissever?
Through the green branches looking down
Into this Eden of my own,
Unchanging phantoms I shall see
Myself and you who walked with me,
Two skipping children long since grown,
A cat long dead and birds long flown,
And so substantial I shall find
The dreams that living leaves behind:
All hopes, all loves, all ecstasies
Stolen from life, I shall find these.
What memory cannot paint be sure
Fancy will fashion more secure.

Those woven boughs, that silken sky,
Regret nor winter will come nigh;
Beyond the reach of mortal grief
Its every shining flower and leaf;
Growing but fading not shall be
The span of its mortality,
And time's sad progress shall be stayed
By the perfection of a shade.

SYLVIA LYND.

THE POPLARS

Oh a lush green meadow—it's there that I would lie—
A skylark singing overhead, scarce present to the eye,
And a row of wind-blown poplars against an English sky.

The elm is aspiration, and death is in the yew,
And beauty dwells in every tree from Lapland to Peru;
But there's magic in the poplars when the wind goes through.

When the wind goes through the poplars and blows them silver white,
The wonder of the universe is flashed before my sight:
I see immortal visions: I know a god's delight.

I catch the secret rhythm that steals along the earth,
That swells the bud, and splits the burr, and gives the oak its girth,
That mocks the blight and canker with its eternal birth.

It wakes in me the savour of old forgotten things,
Before "reality" had marred the child's imaginings:
I can believe in fairies—I see their shimmering wings.

I see with the clear vision of that untainted prime,
Before the fool's bells jangled in an Elfland ceased to chime,
That sin and pain and sorrow are but a pantomime.

A dance of leaves in ether, of leaves threadbare and sere,
From whose decaying husks at last what glory shall appear,
When the white winter angel leads in the happier year.

And so I sing the poplars; and when I come to die
I will not look for jasper walls, but cast about my eye
For a row of wind-blown poplars against an English sky.

Bernard Freeman Trotter.

UNKNOWN COUNTRY

HERE in this other world, they come and go
With easy dream-like movements to and fro.
They stare through lovely eyes, yet do not seek
An answering gaze, or that a man should speak.
Had I a load of gold, and should I come
Bribing their friendship, and to buy a home,
They would stare harder and would slightly frown:
I am a stranger from the distant town.

Oh, with what patience I have tried to win
The favour of the hostess of the Inn!
Have I not offered toast on frothing toast
Looking toward the melancholy host;
Praised the old wall-eyed mare to please the groom;
Laughed to the laughing maid and fetched her broom;
Stood in the background not to interfere
When the cool ancients frolicked at their beer;
Talked only in my turn, and made no claim
For recognition or by voice or name,
Content to listen, and to watch the blue
Or grey of eyes, or what good hands can do?

Sun-freckled lads, who at the dusk of day
Stroll through the village with a scent of hay
Clinging about you from the windy hill,
Why do you keep your secret from me still?
You loiter at the corner of the street;
I in the distance silently entreat.
I know too well I'm city-soiled, but then
So are to-day ten million other men.
My heart is true: I've neither will nor charms
To lure away your maidens from your arms.
Trust me a little. Must I always stand
Lonely, a stranger from an unknown land?
There is a riddle here. Though I'm more wise
Than you, I cannot read your simple eyes.
I find the meaning of their gentle look
More difficult than any learned book.

I pass: perhaps a moment you may chaff
My walk, and so dismiss me with a laugh.
I come: you all, most grave and most polite,
Stand silent first, then wish me calm Good-Night.
When I go back to town someone will say:
"I think that stranger must have gone away."
And "Surely!" someone else will then reply.
Meanwhile, within the dark of London, I
Shall, with my forehead resting on my hand,
Not cease remembering your distant land;
Endeavouring to reconstruct aright
How some treed hill has looked in evening light;
Or be imagining the blue of skies
Now as in heaven, now as in your eyes;
Or in my mind confusing looks or words
Of yours with dawnlight, or the song of birds:
Not able to resist, not even keep
Myself from hovering near you in my sleep:
You still as callous to my thought and me
As flowers to the purpose of the bee.

HAROLD MONRO.

NORMAN CHURCH: NEW COALFIELD

BENEATH the hill a littered landscape spread
All newly varnished by the garish sun;
New corn shone harsh and green, but new brick's harsher red
Showed that down there more coal than corn was won.
Tall chimneys flew their smoke as masts fly flags;
Great wheels on headstocks spun, and stopt, and spun again:
Pubs, cinemas, fried fish and chips, and fags—
Such were suggested by this cluttered plain—
Hot asphalt; Council schools; packed cottages in rows;
Spoil banks and cinder-paths and broken hedges;
Barbed wire, corrugated iron, all that goes
With smirchèd farms and building land in wedges.

And all this litter was so raw, so new,
Even when derelicted each thing glowed,
Shattered but modern; glittered to the view
Like a smashed bottle on a tar-mac road.
The very sky, so hot, so smooth, so bright,
Seemed that day newly turned, dust-proof and water-tight.
And then I started; for my glance lit on
A grim grey tower, screened by foliage—
Incongruous, startling, its grey pallor shone—
A strayed spectator from another age.
I do not think I should have been
Much more surprised if I had seen
One of those men who many a year before
Had left this vale to fight at Agincourt—
If I had seen him with my eyes,
Tricked out in his forgotten guise,
Himself bewildered, but uncowed,
Pushing his way, come striding through
The gaping, staring, cloth-capped crowd,
To this old church; to this one place he knew.

KENNETH H. ASHLEY.

A SUMMER STORM

LAST night a storm fell on the world
From heights of drouth and heat,
The surly clouds for weeks were furled,
The air could only sway and beat.

The beetles clattered at the blind,
The hawks fell twanging from the sky,
The west unrolled a feathery wind,
And the night fell sullenly.

The storm leaped roaring from its lair,
Like the shadow of doom,
The poignard lightning searched the air,
The thunder ripped the shattered gloom.

The rain came down with a roar like fire,
Full-voiced and clamorous and deep,
The weary world had its heart's desire,
And fell asleep.

D. C. Scott.

ON THE WINGS OF THE MORNING

A sudden roar, a mighty rushing sound,
a jolt or two, a smoothly sliding rise,
a tumbled blur of disappearing ground,
and then all sense of motion slowly dies.
Quiet and calm, the earth slips past below,
as underneath a bridge still waters flow.

My turning wing inclines towards the ground;
the ground itself glides up with graceful swing
and at the plane's far tip twirls slowly round,
then drops from sight again beneath the wing
to slip away serenely as before,
a cubist-patterned carpet on the floor.

Hills gently sink and valleys gently fill.
The flattened fields grow ludicrously small;
slowly they pass beneath and slower still
until they hardly seem to move at all.
Then suddenly they disappear from sight,
hidden by fleeting wisps of faded white.

The wing-tips, faint and dripping, dimly show,
blurred by the wreaths of mist that intervene.
Weird, half-seen shadows flicker to and fro
across the pallid fog-bank's blinding screen.
At last the choking mists release their hold,
and all the world is silver, blue, and gold.

The air is clear, more clear than sparkling wine;
compared with this wine is a turgid brew.

The far horizon makes a clean-cut line
between the silver and the depthless blue.
Out of the snow-white level reared on high
glittering hills surge up to meet the sky.

Outside the wind screen's shelter gales may race:
but in the seat a cool and gentle breeze
blows steadily upon my grateful face,
as I sit motionless and at my ease,
contented just to loiter in the sun
and gaze around me till the day is done.

And so I sit, half sleeping, half awake,
dreaming a happy dream of golden days,
until at last, with a reluctant shake,
I rouse myself, and with a lingering gaze
at all the splendour of the shining plain
make ready to come down to earth again.

The engine stops: a pleasant silence reigns—
silence, not broken, but intensified
by the soft, sleepy wires' insistent strains,
that rise and fall, as with a sweeping glide
I slither down the well-oiled sides of space,
towards a lower, less enchanted place.

The clouds draw nearer, changing as they come.
Now, like a flash, fog grips me by the throat.
Down goes the nose: at once the wires' low hum
begins to rise in volume and in note,
till, as I hurtle from the choking cloud
it swells into a scream, high-pitched, and loud.

The scattered hues and shades of green and brown
fashion themselves into the land I know,
turning and twisting, as I spiral down
towards the landing ground; till, skimming low,
I glide with slackening speed across the ground,
and come to rest with lightly grating sound.

Jeffrey Day.

SNAKE

A SNAKE came to my water-trough
On a hot, hot day, and I in pyjamas for the heat,
To drink there.

In the deep, strange-scented shade of the great dark carob-tree
I came down the steps with my pitcher
And must wait, must stand and wait, for there he was at the trough before me.

He reached down from a fissure in the earth-wall in the gloom
And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-bellied down, over the edge of the stone trough
And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,
And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a small clearness,
He sipped with his straight mouth,
Softly drank through his straight gums, into his slack long body,
Silently.

Someone was before me at my water-trough,
And I, like a second-comer, waiting.

He lifted his head from his drinking, as cattle do,
And looked at me vaguely, as drinking cattle do,
And flickered his two-forked tongue from his lips, and mused a moment,
And stooped and drank a little more,
Being earth-brown, earth-golden from the burning bowels of the earth
On the day of Sicilian July, with Etna smoking.

The voice of my education said to me
He must be killed,
For in Sicily the black, black snakes are innocent, the gold are venomous.

And voices in me said, If you were a man
You would take a stick and break him now, and finish him off.

But must I confess how I liked him,
How glad I was he had come like a guest in quiet, to drink at my water-trough
And depart peaceful, pacified, and thankless,
Into the burning bowels of this earth?

Was it cowardice, that I dared not kill him?
Was it perversity, that I longed to talk to him?
Was it humility, to feel so honoured?
I felt so honoured.

And yet those voices:
If you were not afraid you would kill him.

And truly I was afraid, I was most afraid,
But even so, honoured still more
That he should seek my hospitality
From out the dark door of the secret earth.

He drank enough
And lifted his head, dreamily, as one who has drunken,
And flickered his tongue like a forked night on the air, so black,
Seeming to lick his lips,
And looked around like a god, unseeing, into the air,
And slowly turned his head,
And slowly, very slowly, as if thrice adream,
Proceeded to draw his slow length curving round
And climb again the broken bank of my wall-face.

And as he put his head into that dreadful hole,
And as he slowly drew up, snake-easing his shoulders, and entered further,
A sort of horror, a sort of protest against his withdrawing into that horrid black hole,

Deliberately going into the blackness, and slowly drawing himself after,
Overcame me now his back was turned.

I looked round, I put down my pitcher,
I picked up a clumsy log
And threw it at the water-trough with a clatter.
I think it did not hit him,
But suddenly that part of him that was left behind convulsed in undignified haste,
Writhed like lightning, and was gone
Into the black hole, the earth-lipped fissure in the wall-front,
At which, in the intense still noon, I stared with fascination.

And immediately I regretted it.
I thought how paltry, how vulgar, what a mean act!
I despised myself and the voices of my accursed human education.

And I thought of the albatross,
And I wished he would come back, my snake.

For he seemed to me again like a king,
Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld,
Now due to be crowned again.

And so, I missed my chance with one of the lords
Of life.
And I have something to expiate:
A pettiness.

D. H. Lawrence.

THE SWIMMERS

The cove's a shining plate of blue and green,
With darker belts between
The trough and crest of the slow-rising swell,
And the great rocks throw purple shadows down,

Where transient sun-sparks wink and burst and drown
And glimmering pebbles lie too deep to tell,
Hidden or shining as the shadow wavers.
And everywhere the restless sun-steeped air
Trembles and quavers,
As though it were
More saturate with light than it could bear.
Now come the swimmers from slow-dripping caves,
Where the shy fern creeps under the veined roof,
And wading out meet with glad breast the waves.
One holds aloof,
Climbing alone the reef with shrinking feet,
That scarce endure the jagged stones' dull beat,
Till on the edge he poises
And flies to cleave the water, vanishing
In wreaths of white, with echoing liquid noises,
And swims beneath, a vague, distorted thing.
Now all the other swimmers leave behind
The crystal shallow and the foam-wet shore
And sliding into deeper water find
A living coolness in the lifting flood,
And through their bodies leaps the sparkling blood,
So that they feel the faint earth's drought no more.
There now they float, heads raised above the green,
White bodies cloudily seen,
Farther and farther from the brazen rock,
On which the hot air shakes, on which the tide
Fruitlessly throws with gentle, soundless shock
The cool and lagging wave. Out, out they go,
And now upon a mirrored cloud they ride,
Or turning over, with soft strokes and slow,
Slide on like shadows in a tranquil sky.
Behind them, on the tall, parched cliff, the dry
And dusty grasses grow
In shallow ledges of the arid stone,
Starving for coolness and the touch of rain.
But, though to earth they must return again,
Here come the soft sea-airs to meet them, blown
Over the surface of the outer deep,
Scarce moving, staying, falling, straying, gone,

Light and delightful as the touch of sleep. . . .
One wakes and splashes round,
And, as by magic, all the others wake
From that sea-dream, and now with rippling sound
Their rapid arms the enchanted silence break.
And now again the crystal shallows take
The gleaming bodies whose cool hour is done;
They pause upon the beach, they pause and sigh
Then vanish in the caverns one by one.

Soon the wet foot-marks on the stones are dry:
The cove sleeps on beneath the unwavering sun.

EDWARD SHANKS.

III. LYRIC

ZULEIKA

Zuleika is fled away,
  Though your bolts and your bars were strong;
A minstrel came to the gate to-day
  And stole her away with a song.
His song was subtle and sweet,
It made her young heart beat,
  It gave a thrill to her faint heart's will,
And wings to her weary feet.

Zuleika was not for ye,
  Though your laws and your threats were hard;
The minstrel came from beyond the sea,
  And took her in spite of your guard:
His ladder of song was slight,
But it reach'd to her window height;
  Each verse so frail was the silken rail
From which her soul took flight.

The minstrel was fair and young;
  His heart was of love and fire;
His song was such as you ne'er have sung,
  And only love could inspire:
He sang of the singing trees,
And the passionate sighing seas,
  And the lovely land of his minstrel band;
And with many a song like these.

He drew her forth to the distant wood,
  Where bird and flower were gay,
And in silent joy each green tree stood;
  And with singing along the way,

He drew her to where each bird
Repeated his magic word,
  And there seem'd a spell she could not tell
In every sound she heard.

And singing and singing still,
  He lured her away so far,
Past so many a wood and valley and hill,
  That now, would you know where they are?
In a bark on a silver stream,
As fair as you see in a dream;
  Lo! the bark glides along to the minstrel's song,
While the smooth waves ripple and gleam.

And soon they will reach the shore
  Of that land whereof he sings,
And love and song will be evermore
  The precious, the only things;
They will live and have long delight
They two in each other's sight,
  In the violet vale of the nightingale,
And the flower that blooms by night.

A. O'Shaughnessy.

ST. AGNES' EVE

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
  Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapour goes:
  May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
  Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
  That lead me to my Lord:
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
  As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
  That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride!

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

MARCHING ALONG

I

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

II

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!

Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you're—

(*Chorus*) *Marching along, fifty-score strong,*
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

III

Hampden to Hell, and his obsequies' knell
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here

(*Chorus*) *Marching along, fifty-score strong,*
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

IV

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
Hold by the right, you double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

(*Chorus*) *March we along, fifty-score strong,*
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE CHORISTERS

WHEN earth was finished and fashioned well,
There was never a musical note to tell
How glad God was, save the voice of the rain
And the sea and the wind on the lonely plain
And the rivers among the hills.
And so God made the marvellous birds
For a choir of joy transcending words,
That the world might hear and comprehend
How rhythm and harmony can mend
The spirits' hurts and ills.

He filled their tiny bodies with fire,
He taught them love for their chief desire,
And gave them the magic of wings to be
His celebrants over land and sea,
Wherever man might dwell.
And to each he apportioned a fragment of song—
Those broken melodies that belong
To the seraphs' chorus, that we might learn
The healing of gladness and discern
In beauty how all is well.

So music dwells in the glorious throats
Forever, and the enchanted notes
Fall with rapture upon our ears,
Moving our hearts to joy and tears
For things we cannot say.
In the wilds the whitethroat sings in the rain
His pure, serene, half-wistful strain;
And where twilight falls the sleeping hills
Ring with the cry of the whip-poor-wills
In the blue dusk far away.

In the great white heart of the winter storm
The chickadee sings, for his heart is warm,
And his note is brave to rally the soul
From doubt and panic to self-control
And elation that knows no fear.
The bluebird comes with the winds of March,
Like a shred of sky on the naked larch;
The redwing follows the April rain
To whistle contentment back again
With his sturdy call of cheer.

The orioles revel through orchard boughs
In their coats of gold for spring's carouse;
In shadowy pastures the bobwhites call,
And the flute of the thrush has a melting fall
Under the evening star.

On the verge of June when peonies blow
And joy comes back to the world we know,
The bobolinks fill the fields of light
With a tangle of music silver-bright
To tell how glad they are.

The tiny warblers fill summer trees
With their exquisite lesser litanies;
The tanager in his scarlet coat
In the hemlock pours from a vibrant throat
His canticle of the sun.
The loon on the lake, the hawk in the sky,
And the sea-gull—each has a piercing cry,
Like outposts set in the lonely vast
To cry "All's well" as Time goes past
And another hour is gone.

But of all the music in God's plan
Of a mystical symphony for man,
I shall remember best of all—
Whatever hereafter may befall
Or pass and cease to be—
The hermit's hymn in the solitudes
Of twilight through the mountain woods,
And the field-larks crying about our doors
On the soft sweet wind across the moors
At morning by the sea.

BLISS CARMAN.

THE PIPER

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:—

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again."
So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE LAMB

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vale rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb;
He is meek and he is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE TIGER

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

William Blake.

THE NEW JERUSALEM

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
  Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
  Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
  Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
  Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
  Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
  In England's green and pleasant land.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

CONTENTMENT

"*Man wants but little here below.*"

LITTLE I ask; my wants are few;
  I only wish a hut of stone
(A *very plain* brown stone will do)
  That I may call my own;—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
  Three courses are as good as ten;—
If Nature can subsist on three,
  Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice;—
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;—
  Give me a mortgage here and there,—
Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,
  Or trifling railroad share,—
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honours are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,—
But only near St. James;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;—
One good-sized diamond in a pin,—
Some, *not so large*, in rings,—
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me;—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire;
(Good, heavy silks are never dear)—
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere,—
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait—two, forty-five—
Suits me; I do not care;—
Perhaps for just a *single spurt*,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four,—
I love so much their style and tone,—
One Turner, and no more
(A landscape,—foreground golden dirt,—
The sunshine painted with a squirt).

Of books but few,—some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor;—
Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride;—
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two Meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;—
Shall not carv'd tables serve my turn,
But *all* must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double share,—
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them *much*,—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE HAUNTED PALACE

I

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

II

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago),

And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odour went away.

III

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tunèd law,
Round about a throne, where sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

IV

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

V

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)
And, round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

VI

And travellers now within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows, see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;

While, like a rapid ghastly river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

E. A. Poe.

AFTER THE SHOWER

The shower hath past, ere it hath well begun;
The enormous clouds are rolling up like steam
Into the illimitable blue. They gleam
In summits of banked snow against the sun.
The old dry beds begin to laugh and run,
As if 'twere spring. The trees in the wind's stir
Shower down great drops, and every gossamer
Glitters a net of diamonds fresh-spun.
The happy flowers put on a sprightlier grace,
Star-flower and smilacina creamy-hued,
With little spires of honey-scent and light,
And that small, dainty violet, pure and white,
That holds by magic in its twisted face
The heart of all the perfumes of the wood.

Archibald Lampman.

PÈRE LALEMANT

I lift the Lord on high,
Under the murmuring hemlock boughs, and see
The small birds of the forest lingering by
And making melody.
These are mine acolytes and these my choir,
And this mine altar in the cool green shade,
Where the wild soft-eyed does draw nigh
Wondering, as in the byre
Of Bethlehem the oxen heard Thy cry
And saw Thee unafraid.

My boatmen sit apart,
Wolf-eyed, wolf-sinewed, stiller than the trees.
Help me, O Lord, for very slow of heart
And hard of faith are these.

Cruel are they, yet Thy children. Foul are they,
Yet wert Thou born to save them utterly.
Then make me as I pray,
Just to their hates, kind to their sorrows, wise
After their speech, and strong before their free
Indomitable eyes.

Do the French lilies reign
Over Mont Royal and Stadacona still?
Up the St. Lawrence comes the spring again,
Crowning each southward hill
And blossoming pool with beauty, while I roam
Far from the perilous folds that are my home,
There where we built St. Ignace for our needs,
Shaped the rough roof-tree, turned the first sweet sod,
St. Ignace, and St. Louis, little beads
On the rosary of God.

Pines shall Thy pillars be,
Fairer than those Sidonian cedars brought
By Hiram out of Tyre, and each birch-tree
Shines like a holy thought.
But come no worshippers; shall I confess,
St. Francis-like, the birds of the wilderness?
O, with Thy love my lonely head uphold,
A wandering shepherd I, who hath no sheep;
A wandering soul, who hath no scrip, nor gold,
Nor anywhere to sleep.

My hour of rest is done;
On the smooth ripple lifts the long canoe;
The hemlocks murmur sadly as the sun
Slants his dim arrows through.
Whither I go I know not, nor the way,
Dark with strange passions, vexed with heathen charms,
Holding I know not what of life or death,
Only be Thou beside me day by day,
Thy rod my guide and comfort, underneath
Thy everlasting arms.

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

JUST A CLERK

LORD, I am but a little clerk,
That scratches with a pen;
I rise and eat and toil and sleep,
Just as all other men.

The only colours in my life
Are drabs, and duns, and greys,
Yet on the whole I am content
To tread the beaten ways.

But sometimes when the mid-Spring mist
Floats in the scented night,
Strange spirits whisper in my ear,
And visions cross my sight.

I see myself a gracious youth,
In purple and bright steel;
The golden spurs of knightly worth
Are glistening on each heel.

I ride into a world of dreams,
And with my pennoned lance
I pierce the mystic veil that hides
The land of high romance.

But as I pass through Galahad's glades,
Adventuring on my way,
A ghost is ever at my back,
The ghost of every day.

And soon or late its horrid hand,
That never yields or stays,
Will hurl me from my land of dreams,
Back to the beaten ways.

Oh, Lord, some pray to Thee for gold,
Some for a woman's smile;
But all I ask is a breath of life
Once for a little while.

Grant me, before I pass beyond,
One chance to play a part,
To drop the guise of the little clerk
And show the man at heart.

H. J. MacLean.

THE NATURE LOVER

The years passed by, and my pure love
For Nature did no longer grow;
"I'll get that love back soon," thought I,—
"By living with more men than now."
But I made enemies; so I
Return to Nature, where my pain
Shall be forgotten, and my love
For humankind come back again.
When through the woods and fields I go,
No thought is mine of human care;
Under a rainbow's jewelled arch,
No foe can find a lodgment there;
And when our fearless nightingales
Sing in a summer's thunderstorm,
Like choir-boys when an organ's played—
Where are such tongues as whisper harm?
So, with this changed and sweeter mind,
Nature for me has saved mankind.

W. H. Davies.

THE ICE-CART

Perched on my city office-stool
I watched with envy, while a cool
And lucky carter handled ice. . . .
And I was wandering in a trice,
Far from the grey and grimy heat
Of that intolerable street,
O'er sapphire berg and emerald floe,
Beneath the still, cold ruby glow

Of everlasting Polar night,
Bewildered by the queer half-light,
Until I stumbled, unawares,
Upon a creek where big white bears
Plunged headlong down with flourished heels,
And floundered after shining seals
Through shivering seas of blinding blue,
And as I watched them, ere I knew,
I'd stripped, and I was swimming, too,
Among the seal-pack, young and hale,
And thrusting on with threshing tail,
With twist and twirl and sudden leap
Through cracking ice and salty deep—
Diving and doubling with my kind,
Until, at last, we left behind
Those big white, blundering bulks of death,
And lay, at length, with panting breath
Upon a far untravelled floe,
Beneath a gentle drift of snow—
Snow drifting gently, fine and white,
Out of the endless Polar night,
Falling and falling evermore
Upon that far untravelled shore,
Till I was buried fathoms deep
Beneath that cold, white drifting sleep—
Sleep drifting deep,
Deep drifting sleep. . . .

The carter cracked a sudden whip:
I clutched my stool with startled grip,
Awakening to the grimy heat
Of that intolerable street.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair-linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

HER REPLY

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy Love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,—
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,—
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed;
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy Love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

GO, LOVELY ROSE

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

EDMUND WALLER.

A NOISELESS PATIENT SPIDER

A NOISELESS patient spider
I mark'd, where, on a little promontory, it stood isolated;
Mark'd how, to explore the vacant vast surrounding,
It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself;
Ever unreeling them—ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you, O my soul, where you stand,
Surrounded, surrounded, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing,—seeking the spheres, to connect them;
Till the bridge you will need, be form'd—till the ductile anchor hold:
Till the gossamer thread you fling, catch somewhere, O my soul.

WALT WHITMAN.

ROMANCE

WHEN I was but thirteen or so
I went into a golden land,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Took me by the hand.

My father died, my brother too,
They passed like fleeting dreams,
I stood where Popocatapetl
In the sunlight gleams.

I dimly heard the master's voice
And boys far-off at play,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Had stolen me away.

I walked in a great golden dream
To and fro from school—
Shining Popocatapetl
The dusty streets did rule.

I walked home with a gold dark boy
And never a word I'd say,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Had taken my speech away:

I gazed entranced upon his face
Fairer than any flower—
O shining Popocatapetl,
It was thy magic hour:

The houses, people, traffic seemed
Thin fading dreams by day,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
They had stolen my soul away!

W. J. Turner.

TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY MAN

Time, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?

All things I'll give you,
Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet
Of silver the best,
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A great golden ring,
Peacocks shall bow to you,
Little boys sing,
Oh, and sweet girls will
Festoon you with may,
Time, you old gipsy,
Why hasten away?

Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,
Morning, and in the crush
Under Paul's dome;
Under Paul's dial
You tighten your rein—
Only a moment,
And off once again;
Off to some city
Now blind in the womb,
Off to another
Ere that's in the tomb.

Time, you old gipsy man,
  Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
  Just for one day?

RALPH HODGSON.

THE DONKEY

WHEN fishes flew and forests walked
  And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
  Then surely I was born;

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

G. K. Chesterton.

SPRING AND THE ANGEL

I

It was that time of year when green things grow
As if by grace, all over the jubilant earth;
That time of budding tree, ascending grass
And fragrant lanes when hawthorn blossoms break,
And orchards first put on their delicate tints.
April! Another April over the land,
With soft rains summoning the laggard troops
Of hyacinths and early primroses.
April! with birds that call from blowing branches
The news that heaven has kissed the waking earth,
And roused to sudden rapture beauty that slept.
How diligent the army of the flowers!
In beautiful battalions, lo! I saw
Their ranks of coloured uniforms appear
And march in splendour down the singing hills.

II

Now who could weary of the budding boughs,
Though thrice ten million stretched their flowery arms,
As if to bless the earth?

There was in heaven
An angel who leaned down when Spring had come,
As if to drink the perfume of the world
In one long draught, so eager was his soul
For the old wonder that he knew when life
Upon the hills was one long cry of youth.
The streets of jasper and of fabled pearl,
High golden gates and fields of asphodel
Were wearisome to him. The storied towers
Filled him with languor. "Lord, I crave the Spring—
The earthly Spring that wakens now below,
And I would fare to woods grown green again,
To river banks where mosses kiss the water,
And shy birds call when sap begins to run.
I hunger for the lost delight that poured
In sunlight on one dear remembered hill,
I pine for the scent of lilacs wet with rain;
Oh, I am homesick for the fragrant earth!"

III

Then God released him from the shining streets,
And straightway down the stairway of the sun
This anxious spirit fled, and softly reached
(Unknown to man) the meadows of the world.
He took bright highways when the cup of noon
Was overflowing with pale loveliness.
And when the slow, still mornings, white with peace,
Made his heart ache that such a time could be,
This angel moved, unseen, by orchard walls,
And leaned to watch the grass break through the ground.
He sped through gardens when the moonlight drenched
The earliest buds with clean cascades of beauty;
And when the April stars hung in the sky,
He was a ghost that sighed with joy, being home
After so long a pilgrimage in heaven.
We wondered why the Spring was doubly dear
On certain days and nights. We did not know
That one from all the sources of high things
Had breathed a special blessing on the grass,

And touched each flower before it opened wide—
A truant angel, whose great wings had brushed
The emerald hills, and, happy, disappeared.

C. H. Towne.

WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tuwhoo!
Tuwhit! tuwhoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl—
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tuwhoo!
Tuwhit! tuwhoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

William Shakespeare.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE BANKS O' DOON

YE banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn.
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine:
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver staw my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

ROBERT BURNS.

TAM GLEN

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maunna marry Tam Glen!

There's Lowrie the Laird o' Dumeller—
"Gude day to you, brute!" he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,—
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten;
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written "Tam Glen!"

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,
His likeness came up the house stalkin,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come, counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

ROBERT BURNS.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!

Arthur Hugh Clough.

REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie:
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he long'd to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

SEA FEVER

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song, and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and the grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the seagulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife,
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANN BODHAM

OH that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalise,

The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
  Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
Oh welcome guest, though unexpected, here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief—
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
  My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd;
By expectation every day beguil'd,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.
  Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor;

And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capp'd,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-liv'd possession! but the record fair
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd.
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks
That humour interpos'd too often makes;
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heav'n, though little notic'd here.
  Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flow'rs,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head and smile):
Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous ride
Of life, long since, has anchor'd at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ript, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.
Yet, oh, the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time, unrevok'd, has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have liv'd my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine:
And while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself remov'd, thy power to soothe me left

WILLIAM COWPER.

PEONY

"PIONIA VIRTUTEM HABET OCCULTAM"
ARNOLDUS VILLANOVA—1235–1313

Arnoldus Villanova
Six hundred years ago
Said Peonies have magic,
And I believe it so.
There stands his learned dictum
Which any boy may read,
But he who learns the secret
Will be made wise indeed.

Astrologer and doctor
In the science of his day,
Have we so far outstripped him?
What more is there to say?
His medieval Latin
Records the truth for us,
Which I translate—virtutem
Habet occultam—thus :

She hath a deep hid virtue
No other flower hath.
When summer comes rejoicing
A-down my garden path,
In opulence of colour,
In robe of satin sheen,
She casts o'er all the hours
Her sorcery serene.

A subtile, heartening fragrance
Comes piercing the warm hush,
And from the greening woodland
I hear the first wild thrush.
They move my heart to pity,
For all the vanished years,
With ecstasy of longing
And tenderness of tears.

By many names we call her,—
Pale, exquisite Aurore,
Luxuriant Gismonda
Or sunny Couronne d'Or.
What matter,—Grandiflora,
A queen in some proud book,
Or sweet familiar Piny
With her old-fashioned look?

The crowding Apple blossoms
Above the orchard wall;
The Moonflower in August
When eerie nights befall;
Chrysanthemum in autumn,
Whose pageantries appear
With mystery and silence
To deck the dying year;

And many a mystic flower
Of the wildwood I have known,
But Pionia Arnoldi
Hath a transport all her own.
For Peony, my Peony,
Hath strength to make me whole,—
She gives her heart of beauty
For the healing of my soul.

Arnoldus Villanova,
Though earth is growing old,
As long as life has longing
Your guess at truth will hold.
Still works the hidden power
After a thousand springs,—
The medicine for heartache
That lurks in lovely things.

Bliss Carman.

PART TWO

I. NARRATIVE

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM: AN EPISODE

And the first grey of morning fill'd the east,
And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream.
But all the Tartar camp along the stream
Was hush'd, and still the men were plunged in sleep:
Sohrab alone, he slept not: all night long
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed;
But when the grey dawn stole into his tent,
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent,
And went abroad into the cold wet fog,
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent.

Through the black Tartar tents he pass'd, which stood
Clustering like bee-hives on the low flat strand
Of Oxus, where the summer floods o'erflow
When the sun melts the snows in high Pamere:
Through the black tents he pass'd, o'er that low strand,
And to a hillock came, a little back
From the stream's brink, the spot where first a boat,
Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the land.
The men of former times had crown'd the top
With a clay fort: but that was fall'n; and now
The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent,
A dome of laths, and o'er it felts were spread.
And Sohrab came there, and went in, and stood
Upon the thick-piled carpets in the tent,
And found the old man sleeping on his bed
Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his arms.
And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step
Was dull'd; for he slept light, an old man's sleep;

And he rose quickly on one arm, and said:—
"Who art thou? for it is not yet clear dawn.
Speak! is there news, or any night alarm!"
But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said:—
"Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa: it is I.
The sun is not yet risen, and the foe
Sleep; but I sleep not; all night long I lie
Tossing and wakeful, and I come to thee.
For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek
Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,
In Samarcand, before the army march'd;
And I will tell thee what my heart desires.
Thou knowest if, since from Ader-baijan first
I came among the Tartars, and bore arms,
I have still serv'd Afrasiab well, and shown,
At my boy's years, the courage of a man.
This too thou know'st, that, while I still bear on
The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,
And beat the Persians back on every field,
I seek one man, one man, and one alone—
Rustum, my father; who, I hoped, should greet,
Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field
His not unworthy, not inglorious son.
So I long hoped, but him I never find.
Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.
Let the two armies rest to-day: but I
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords
To meet me, man to man: if I prevail,
Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall—
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.
Dim is the rumour of a common fight,
Where host meets host, and many names are sunk:
But of a single combat Fame speaks clear."
He spoke: and Peran-Wisa took the hand
Of the young man in his, and sigh'd, and said:—
"O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine!
Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,
And share the battle's common chance with us
Who love thee, but must press for ever first,
In single fight incurring single risk,

To find a father thou hast never seen?
Or, if indeed this one desire rules all,
To seek out Rustum—seek him not through fight:
Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!
But far hence seek him, for he is not here.
For now it is not as when I was young,
When Rustum was in front of every fray:
But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,
In Seistan, with Zal, his father old.
Whether that his own mighty strength at last
Feels the abhorr'd approaches of old age;
Or in some quarrel with the Persian King.
There go!—Thou wilt not? Yet my heart forebodes
Danger or death awaits thee on this field.
Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost
To us: fain therefore send thee hence, in peace
To seek thy father, not seek single fights
In vain:—but who can keep the lion's cub
From ravening? and who govern Rustum's son?
Go: I will grant thee what thy heart desires."
So said he, and dropp'd Sohrab's hand, and left
His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay,
And o'er his chilly limbs his woollen coat
He pass'd, and tied his sandals on his feet,
And threw a white cloak round him, and he took
In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword;
And on his head he placed his sheep-skin cap,
Black, glossy, curl'd, the fleece of Kara-Kul:
And rais'd the curtain of his tent, and call'd
His herald to his side, and went abroad.
The sun, by this, had risen, and clear'd the fog
From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands:
And from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed
Into the open plain; so Haman bade;
Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa ruled
The host, and still was in his lusty prime.
From their black tents, long files of horses, they stream'd:
As when, some grey November morn, the files,
In marching order spread, of long-neck'd cranes,

Stream over Casbin, and the southern slopes
Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,
Or some frore Caspian reed-bed, southward bound
For the warm Persian sea-board; so they stream'd.
The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's guard,
First with black sheep-skin caps and with long spears;
Large men, large steeds; who from Bokhara come
And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares.
Next the more temperate Toorkmuns of the south,
The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,
And those from Attruck and the Caspian sands;
Light men, and on light steeds, who only drink
The acrid milk of camels, and their wells.
And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came
From far, and a more doubtful service own'd;
The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks
Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards
And close-set skull-caps; and those wilder hordes
Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste,
Kalmuks and unkemp'd Kuzzaks, tribes who stray
Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kirghizzes,
Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere.
These all filed out from camp into the plain.
And on the other side the Persians form'd:
First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seem'd,
The Ilyats of Khorassan: and behind,
The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,
Marshall'd battalions bright in burnish'd steel.
But Peran-Wisa with his herald came,
Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,
And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks.
And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw
That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back,
He took his spear, and to the front he came,
And check'd his ranks, and fix'd them where they stood.
And the old Tartar came upon the sand
Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and said:—
"Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear!
Let there be truce between the hosts to-day.

But choose a champion from the Persian lords
To fight our champion Sohrab, man to man."
As, in the country, on a morn in June,
When the dew glistens on the pearled ears,
A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy—
So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,
A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran
Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they loved.
But as a troop of pedlars, from Cabool,
Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,
That vast sky-neighbouring mountain of milk and snow;
Winding so high, that, as they mount, they pass
Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the snow,
Choked by the air, and scarce can they themselves
Slake their parch'd throats with sugar'd mulberries—
In single file they move, and stop their breath,
For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging snows—
So the pale Persians held their breath with fear.
And to Ferood his brother Chiefs came up
To counsel: Gudurz and Zoarrah came,
And Feraburz, who ruled the Persian host
Second, and was the uncle of the King:
These came and counsell'd; and then Gudurz said:—
"Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge up,
Yet champion have we none to match this youth.
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.
But Rustum came last night; aloof he sits
And sullen, and has pitch'd his tents apart:
Him will I seek, and carry to his ear
The Tartar challenge, and this young man's name.
Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight.
Stand forth the while, and take their challenge up."
So spake he; and Ferood stood forth and said:—
"Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said.
Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man."
He spoke; and Peran-Wisa turn'd, and strode
Back through the opening squadrons to his tent.
But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran,
And cross'd the camp which lay behind, and reach'd,
Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's tents.

Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering gay,
Just pitch'd: the high pavilion in the midst
Was Rustum's, and his men lay camp'd around.
And Gudurz enter'd Rustum's tent, and found
Rustum: his morning meal was done, but still
The table stood beside him, charged with food;
A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of bread,
And dark green melons; and there Rustum sate
Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist,
And play'd with it; but Gudurz came and stood
Before him; and he look'd, and saw him stand;
And with a cry sprang up, and dropp'd the bird,
And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and said:—
"Welcome! these eyes could see no better sight.
What news? but sit down first, and eat and drink."
But Gudurz stood in the tent door, and said:—
"Not now: a time will come to eat and drink,
But not to-day: to-day has other needs.
The armies are drawn out, and stand at gaze:
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought
To pick a champion from the Persian lords
To fight their champion—and thou know'st his name—
Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.
O Rustum, like thy might is this young man's!
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.
And he is young, and Iran's Chiefs are old,
Or else too weak; and all eyes turn to thee.
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose."
He spoke: but Rustum answer'd with a smile:—
"Go to! if Iran's Chiefs are old, then I
Am older: if the young are weak, the King
Errs strangely: for the King, for Kai Khosroo,
Himself is young, and honours younger men,
And lets the aged moulder to their graves.
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young—
The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame?
For would that I myself had such a son,
And not that one slight helpless girl I have,
A son so fam'd, so brave, to send to war,

And I to tarry with the snow-hair'd Zal,
My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,
And clip his borders short, and drive his herds,
And he has none to guard his weak old age.
There would I go, and hang my armour up,
And with my great name fence that weak old man,
And spend the goodly treasures I have got,
And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame,
And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings,
And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no more."
He spoke, and smiled; and Gudurz made reply:—
"What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks
Thee most of all, and thou, whom most he seeks,
Hidest thy face? Take heed, that men should say,
Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his fame,
And shuns to peril it with younger men."
And, greatly moved, then Rustum made reply:—
"O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words?
Thou knowest better words than this to say.
What is one more, one less, obscure or famed,
Valiant or craven, young or old, to me?
Are not they mortal, am not I myself?
But who for men of nought would do great deeds?
Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his fame.
But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms;
Let not men say of Rustum, he was match'd
In single fight with any mortal man."
He spoke, and frown'd; and Gudurz turn'd and ran
Back quickly through the camp in fear and joy,
Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came.
But Rustum strode to his tent door, and call'd
His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,
And clad himself in steel: the arms he chose
Were plain, and on his shield was no device,
Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,
And from the fluted spine atop a plume
Of horsehair waved, a scarlet horsehair plume.
So arm'd he issued forth; and Ruksh, his horse,
Follow'd him, like a faithful hound, at heel,

Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all the earth,
The horse, whom Rustum on a foray once
Did in Bokhara by the river find
A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home,
And rear'd him; a bright bay, with lofty crest;
Dight with a saddle-cloth of broider'd green
Crusted with gold, and on the ground were work'd
All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know:
So follow'd, Rustum left his tents, and cross'd
The camp, and to the Persian host appear'd.
And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts
Hail'd; but the Tartars knew not who he was.
And dear as the wet diver to the eyes
Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on shore,
By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf,
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,
Having made up his tale of precious pearls,
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands—
So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came.
And Rustum to the Persian front advanced,
And Sohrab arm'd in Haman's tent, and came.
And as afield the reapers cut a swathe
Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,
And on each side are squares of standing corn,
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare;
So on each side were squares of men, with spears
Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand.
And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast
His eyes towards the Tartar tents, and saw
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.
As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb blacken'd fingers makes her fire—
At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whiten'd window panes—
And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be; so Rustum eyed
The unknown adventurous Youth, who from afar
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs: long he perused

His spirited air, and wonder'd who he was.
For very young he seem'd, tenderly rear'd;
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—
So slender Sohrab seem'd, so softly rear'd.
And a deep pity enter'd Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming; and he stood,
And beckon'd to him with his hand, and said:—
"O thou young man, the air of Heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold.
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.
Behold me: I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried; and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe:
Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?
Be govern'd: quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die.
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."
So he spake, mildly: Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum; and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand,
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Has builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers; and he saw that head,
Streak'd with its first grey hairs: hope fill'd his soul;
And he ran forwards and embraced his knees,
And clasp'd his hand within his own and said:—
"Oh, by thy father's head! by thine own soul!
Art thou not Rustum? Speak! art thou not he?"
But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And turn'd away, and spoke to his own soul:—
"Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean.
False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.
For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say—*Rustum is here*—
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,

But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts,
A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way.
And on a feast day, in Afrasiab's hall,
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry—
'I challenged once, when the two armies camp'd
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight; but they
Shrank; only Rustum dared; then he and I
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away.'
So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud.
Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through me."
And then he turn'd, and sternly spake aloud:—
"Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus
Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast call'd
By challenge forth: make good thy vaunt, or yield.
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee.
For well I know, that did great Rustum stand
Before thy face this day, and were reveal'd,
There would be then no talk of fighting more.
But being what I am, I tell thee this;
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul:
Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt, and yield;
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds
Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer floods,
Oxus in summer wash them all away."
He spoke: and Sohrab answer'd, on his feet:—
"Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so.
I am no girl, to be made pale by words.
Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then.
But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.
Begin: thou art more vast, more dread than I,
And thou art proved, I know, and I am young—
But yet Success sways with the breath of Heaven.
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know.
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of Fate,

Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know:
Only the event will teach us in its hour."
He spoke; and Rustum answer'd not, but hurl'd
His spear: down from the shoulder, down it came,
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk
That long has tower'd in the airy clouds
Drops like a plummet: Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash: the spear
Hiss'd, and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide:—then Sohrab threw
In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield: sharp rang,
The iron plates rang sharp, but turn'd the spear.
And Rustum seized his club, which none but he
Could wield: an unlopp'd trunk it was, and huge,
Still rough; like those which men in treeless plains
To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers,
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
By their dark springs, the wind in winter-time
Has made in Himalayan forests wrack,
And strewn the channels with torn boughs; so huge
The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck
One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside,
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand.
And Rustum follow'd his own blow, and fell
To his knees, and with his fingers clutch'd the sand:
And now might Sohrab have unsheath'd his sword,
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand:
But he look'd on, and smiled, nor bared his sword,
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said:—
"Thou strik'st too hard: that club of thine will float
Upon the summer floods, and not my bones.
But rise, and be not wroth; not wroth am I:
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.
Thou say'st, thou art not Rustum: be it so.

Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul?
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too;
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,
And heard their hollow roar of dying men;
But never was my heart thus touch'd before.
Are they from Heaven, these softenings of the heart?
O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven!
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends,
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.
There are enough foes in the Persian host
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang;
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou
Mayst fight; fight them, when they confront thy spear.
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!"
He ceased· but while he spake, Rustum had risen,
And stood erect, trembling with rage: his club
He left to lie, but had regain'd his spear,
Whose fiery point now in his mail'd right hand
Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn Star,
The baleful sign of fevers: dust had soil'd
His stately crest, and dimm'd his glittering arms.
His breast heaved; his lips foam'd; and twice his voice
Was choked with rage: at last these words broke way:—
"Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands!
Curl'd minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
Fight; let me hear thy hateful voice no more!
Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance;
But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no play
Of war: I fight it out, and hand to hand.
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine!
Remember all thy valour: try thy feints
And cunning: all the pity I had is gone:
Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts
With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's wiles."
He spoke; and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword: at once they rush'd

Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west: their shields
Dash'd with a clang together, and a din
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees: such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hail'd.
And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in Heaven, and dark'd the sun
Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapp'd the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapp'd, and they alone;
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
And labouring breath; first Rustum struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out: the steel-spiked spear
Rent the tough plates, but fail'd to reach the skin,
And Rustum pluck'd it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest
He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,
Never till now defiled, sunk to the dust;
And Rustum bow'd his head; but then the gloom
Grew blacker: thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, utter'd a dreadful cry:
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pain'd desert lion, who all day
Has trail'd the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand:—
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,
And Oxus curdled as it cross'd his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quail'd not, but rush'd on,
And struck again; and again Rustum bow'd
His head; but this time all the blade, like glass,

Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in his hand the hilt remained alone.
Then Rustum raised his head: his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted, *Rustum!* Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amazed: back he recoil'd one step,
And scann'd with blinking eyes the advancing Form:
And then he stood bewilder'd; and he dropp'd
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
He reel'd, and staggering back, sunk to the ground.
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair;
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began:—
"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent.
Or else that the great Rustum would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool! thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be,
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."

And with a fearless mien Sohrab replied:—
"Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!
No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I match'd with ten such men as thou,
And I were he who till to-day I was,
They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that beloved name unnerved my arm—
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall; and thy spear transfix'd an unarm'd foe.
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.

But hear thou this, fierce Man, tremble to hear!
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
My father, whom I seek through all the world,
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!"
As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And follow'd her to find her where she fell
Far off;—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers: never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by:—
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss—
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.
But with a cold, incredulous voice, he said:—
"What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
The mighty Rustum never had a son."
And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied:—
"Ah yes, he had! and that lost son am I.
Surely the news will one day reach his ear,
Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,
Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here;
And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.
Fierce Man, bethink thee, for an only son!
What will that grief, what will that vengeance be!
Oh, could I live, till I that grief had seen!
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells
With that old King, her father, who grows grey

With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.
Her most I pity, who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,
With spoils and honour, when the war is done.
But a dark rumour will be bruited up,
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear;
And then will that defenceless woman learn
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more;
But that in battle with a nameless foe,
By the far distant Oxus, he is slain."
He spoke; and as he ceased he wept aloud,
Thinking of her he left, and his own death.
He spoke; but Rustum listen'd, plunged in thought.
Nor did he yet believe it was his son
Who spoke, although he call'd back names he knew;
For he had had sure tidings that the babe,
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all:
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear
Rustum should take the boy, to train in arms;
And so he deem'd that either Sohrab took,
By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son;
Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.
So deem'd he; yet he listen'd, plunged in thought;
And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
Of the bright rocking Ocean sets to shore
At the full moon: tears gathered in his eyes;
For he remembered his own early youth,
And all its bounding rapture; as, at dawn,
The Shepherd from his mountain lodge descries
A far bright City, smitten by the sun,
Through many rolling clouds;—so Rustum saw
His youth; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom;
And that old King, her father, who loved well
His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child
With joy; and all the pleasant life they led,
They three, in that long-distant summer-time—
The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
And hound, and morn on those delightful hills
In Ader-baijan. And he saw that Youth,

Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth, which by the scythe
Of an unskilful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass;—so Sohrab lay,
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.
And Rustum gazed on him with grief, and said:—
"O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have loved!
Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false;—thou art not Rustum's son.
For Rustum had no son: one child he had—
But one—a girl: who with her mother now
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us—
Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war."
But Sohrab answer'd him in wrath; for now
The anguish of the deep-fix'd spear grew fierce,
And he desired to draw forth the steel,
And let the blood flow free, and so to die;
But first he would convince his stubborn foe—
And, rising sternly on one arm, he said:—
"Man, who art thou who dost deny my words?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And Falsehood, while I liv'd, was far from mine.
I tell thee, prick'd upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore."
He spoke: and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks;
And his knees totter'd, and he smote his hand,
Against his breast, his heavy mailed hand,
That the hard iron corslet clank'd aloud:
And to his heart he press'd the other hand,
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said:—
"Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie.
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son."
Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab loosed
His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm,
And show'd a sign in faint vermilion points

Prick'd: as a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase,
An emperor's gift—at early morn he paints,
And all day long, and, when night comes, the lamp
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands:—
So delicately prick'd the sign appear'd
On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal.
It was that Griffin, which of old rear'd Zal,
Rustum's great father, whom they left to die,
A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks.
Him that kind Creature found, and rear'd, and loved—
Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.
And Sohrab bared that figure on his arm,
And himself scann'd it long with mournful eyes,
And then he touch'd it with his hand and said:—
"How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?"
He spoke: but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood
Speechless; and then he utter'd one sharp cry—
O Boy—thy Father!—and his voice choked there.
And then a dark cloud pass'd before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sunk down to earth.
But Sohrab crawl'd to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kiss'd his lips,
And with fond faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life: and life
Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes,
And they stood wide with horror; and he seized
In both his hands the dust which lay around,
And threw it on his head, and smirch'd his hair,
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms:
And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast,
And his sobs choked him; and he clutch'd his sword,
To draw it, and for ever let life out.
But Sohrab saw his thoughts, and held his hands,
And with a soothing voice he spoke, and said:—
"Father, forbear: for I but meet to-day
The doom that at my birth was written down
In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,

When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke too,
I know it: but Fate trod those promptings down
Under its iron heel; Fate, Fate engaged
The strife, and hurl'd me on my father's spear.
But let us speak no more of this: I find
My father; let me feel that I have found.
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
And wash them with thy tears, and say, 'My Son!'
Quick! quick! for number'd are my sands of life,
And swift; for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away—
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.
But it was writ in Heaven that this should be."
So said he: and his voice releas'd the heart
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he cast
His arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud,
And kiss'd him. And awe fell on both the hosts
When they saw Rustum's grief: and Ruksh, the horse,
With his head bowing to the ground, and mane
Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe
First to the one then to the other moved
His head, as if inquiring what their grief
Might mean; and from his dark, compassionate eyes,
The big warm tears roll'd down, and caked the sand.
But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said:—
"Ruksh, now thou grievest; but, O Ruksh, thy feet
Should then have rotted on thy nimble joints,
When first they bore thy Master to this field."
But Sohrab look'd upon the horse and said:—
"Is this then Ruksh? How often, in past days,
My mother told me of thee, thou brave Steed!
My terrible father's terrible horse; and said,
That I should one day find thy lord and thee.
Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane.
O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I;
For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
And snuff'd the breezes of my father's home.
And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan,
And seen the River of Helmund, and the Lake

Of Zirrah; and the aged Zal himself
Has often stroked thy neck, and given thee food,
Corn in a golden platter soak'd with wine,
And said—'O Ruksh! bear Rustum well!'—but I
Have never known my grandsire's furrow'd face,
Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan,
Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream:
But lodg'd among my father's foes, and seen
Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand,
Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,
And the black Toorkmun tents; and only drunk
The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend,
Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,
The northern Sir; and this great Oxus stream—
The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."
And, with a heavy groan, Rustum replied:—
"Oh that its waves were flowing over me!
Oh that I saw its grains of yellow silt
Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head!"
And, with a grave mild voice, Sohrab replied:—
"Desire not that, my father; thou must live.
For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
As some are born to be obscured, and die.
Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,
And reap a second glory in thine age.
Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.
But come: thou seest this great host of men
Which follow me; I pray thee, slay not these:
Let me entreat for them: what have they done?
They follow'd me, my hope, my fame, my star.
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,
But carry me with thee to Seistan,
And place me on a bed, and mourn for me,
Thou, and the snow-hair'd Zal, and all thy friends.
And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above my bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all:
That so the passing horseman on the waste
May see my tomb a great way off, and say—

Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill—
And I be not forgotten in my grave."
And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied:—
"Fear not; as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,
So shall it be: for I will burn my tents,
And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me.
And carry thee away to Seistan,
And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee,
With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends.
And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above thy bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all:
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave.
And I will spare thy host: yea, let him go:
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
What should I do with slaying any more?
For would that all whom I have ever slain
Might be once more alive; my bitterest foes,
And they who were call'd champions in their time,
And through whose death I won that fame I have;
And I were nothing but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown;
So thou mightest live too, my Son, my Son!
Or rather would that I, even I myself,
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,
Not thou of mine; and I might die, not thou;
And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan;
And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine;
And say—*O son, I weep thee not too sore,*
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end.—
But now in blood and battles was my youth,
And full of blood and battles is my age;
And I shall never end this life of blood."
Then, at the point of death, Sohrab replied:—
"A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful Man!
But thou shalt yet have peace; only not now;
Not yet: but thou shalt have it on that day,
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,

Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,
From laying thy dear Master in his grave."
And Rustum gazed on Sohrab's face, and said:—
"Soon be that day, my Son, and deep that sea!
Till then, if Fate so wills, let me endure."
He spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased
His wound's imperious anguish: but the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flow'd with the stream: all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent pour'd, dim now, and soil'd,
Like the soil'd tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gather'd, on their native bank,
By romping children, whom their nurses call
From the hot fields at noon: his head droop'd low,
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay—
White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps,
Deep, heavy gasps, quivering through all his frame,
Convuls'd him back to life, he opened them,
And fix'd them feebly on his father's face:
Till now all strength was ebb'd, and from his limbs
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
And youth and bloom, and this delightful world.
So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead.
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.
As those black granite pillars, once high-rear'd
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
His house, now, mid their broken flights of steps,
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—
So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.
And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darken'd all; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog: for now
Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal:

The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward; the Tartars by the river marge:
And Rustum and his son were left alone.
But the majestic River floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmian waste
Under the solitary moon: he flow'd
Right for the Polar Star, past Orgunjé,
Brimming, and bright, and large: then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents; that for many a league
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along
Through beds of sands and matted rushy isles—
Oxus forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
A foil'd circuitous wanderer:—till at last
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MICHAEL

A PASTORAL POEM [1]

If from the public way you turn your steps
Up the tumultuous brook of Greenhead Ghyll,
You will suppose that with an upright path
Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent
The pastoral mountains front you, face to face.

[1] Written at Town-end, Grasmere, about the same time as "The Brothers." The Sheepfold, on which so much of the poem turns, remains, or rather the ruins of it. The character and circumstances of Luke were taken from a family to whom had belonged, many years before, the house we lived in at Town-end, along with some fields and woodlands on the eastern shore of Grasmere. The name of the Evening Star was not in fact given to this house, but to another on the same side of the valley, more to the north.—[*Author's Note.*]

But, courage! for around that boisterous brook
The mountains have all opened out themselves,
And made a hidden valley of their own.
No habitation can be seen; but they
Who journey thither find themselves alone
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites
That overhead are sailing in the sky.
It is in truth an utter solitude;
Nor should I have made mention of this Dell
But for one object which you might pass by,
Might see and notice not. Beside the brook
Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones!
And to that simple object appertains
A story—unenriched with strange events,
Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,
Or for the summer shade. It was the first
Of those domestic tales that spake to me
Of shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
Whom I already loved; not verily
For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills
Where was their occupation and abode.
And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
Careless of books, yet having felt the power
Of Nature, by the gentle agency
Of natural objects, led me on to feel
For passions that were not my own, and think
(At random and imperfectly indeed)
On man, the heart of man, and human life.
Therefore, although it be a history
Homely and rude, I will relate the same
For the delight of a few natural hearts;
And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
Of youthful Poets, who among these hills
Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale
There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name;
An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen,
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,

And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men.
Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,
Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,
When others heeded not, he heard the South
Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.
The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock
Bethought him, and he to himself would say,
"The winds are now devising work for me!"
And, truly, at all times, the storm, that drives
The traveller to a shelter, summoned him
Up to the mountains: he had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him, and left him, on the heights.
So lived he till his eightieth year was past.
And grossly that man errs, who should suppose
That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,
Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.
Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed
The common air; hills, which with vigorous step
He had so often climbed; which had impressed
So many incidents upon his mind
Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear;
Which, like a book, preserved the memory
Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved,
Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts
The certainty of honourable gain;
Those fields, those hills—what could they less? had laid
Strong hold on his affections, were to him
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself.
His days had not been passed in singleness.
His Helpmate was a comely matron, old—
Though younger than himself full twenty years.
She was a woman of a stirring life,
Whose heart was in her house: two wheels she had
Of antique form; this large, for spinning wool;
That small, for flax; and if one wheel had rest
It was because the other was at work.

The Pair had but one inmate in their house,
An only Child, who had been born to them
When Michael, telling o'er his years, began
To deem that he was old,—in shepherd's phrase,
With one foot in the grave. This only Son,
With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,
The one of an inestimable worth,
Made all their household. I may truly say,
That they were as a proverb in the vale
For endless industry. When day was gone,
And from their occupations out of doors
The Son and Father were come home, even then,
Their labour did not cease; unless when all
Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and there,
Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk,
Sat round the basket piled with oaten cakes,
And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when the meal
Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was named)
And his old Father both betook themselves
To such convenient work as might employ
Their hands by the fireside; perhaps to card
Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair
Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
Or other implement of house or field.
Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's edge,
That in our ancient uncouth country style
With huge and black projection overbrowed
Large space beneath, as duly as the light
Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a lamp;
An aged utensil, which had performed
Service beyond all others of its kind.
Early at evening did it burn—and late,
Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,
Which, going by from year to year, had found,
And left, the couple neither gay perhaps
Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,
Living a life of eager industry.
And now, when Luke had reached his eighteenth year,
There by the light of this old lamp they sate,
Father and Son, while far into the night

The Housewife plied her own peculiar work,
Making the cottage through the silent hours
Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.
This light was famous in its neighbourhood,
And was a public symbol of the life
That thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced,
Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,
High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,
And westward to the village near the lake;
And from this constant light, so regular
And so far seen, the House itself, by all
Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
Both old and young, was named THE EVENING STAR.
  Thus living on through such a length of years,
The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs
Have loved his Helpmate; but to Michael's heart
This son of his old age was yet more dear—
Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all—
Than that a child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,
And stirrings of inquietude, when they
By tendency of nature needs must fail.
Exceeding was the love he bare to him,
His heart and his heart's joy! For oftentimes
Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
Had done him female service, not alone
For pastime and delight, as is the use
Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced
To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked
His cradle, as with a woman's gentle hand.
  And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy
Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love,
Albeit of a stern unbending mind,
To have the Young-one in his sight, when he
Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's stool
Sate with a fettered sheep before him stretched
Under the large old oak, that near his door

Stood single, and, from matchless depth of shade,
Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,
Thence in our rustic dialect was called
The CLIPPING TREE, a name which yet it bears.
There, while they two were sitting in the shade,
With others round them, earnest all and blithe,
Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
Of fond correction and reproof bestowed
Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep
By catching at their legs, or with his shouts
Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.
And when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew up
A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek
Two steady roses that were five years old;
Then Michael from a winter coppice cut
With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped
With iron, making it throughout in all
Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt
He as a watchman oftentimes was placed
At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock;
And, to his office prematurely called,
There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
Something between a hindrance and a help;
And for this cause not always, I believe,
Receiving from his Father hire of praise;
Though nought was left undone which staff, or voice,
Or looks, or threatening gestures, could perform.
But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand
Against the mountain blasts; and to the heights,
Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,
He with his Father daily went, and they
Were as companions, why should I relate
That objects which the Shepherd loved before
Were dearer now? that from the Boy there came
Feelings and emanations—things which were
Light to the sun and music to the wind;
And that the old Man's heart seemed born again?

Then in his Father's sight the Boy grew up:
And now, when he had reached his eighteenth year,
He was his comfort and his daily hope.
While in this sort the simple household lived
From day to day, to Michael's ear there came
Distressful tidings. Long before the time
Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound
In surety for his brother's son, a man
Of an industrious life, and ample means;
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
Had prest upon him; and old Michael now
Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture,
A grievous penalty, but little less
Than half his substance. This unlooked-for claim,
At the first hearing, for a moment took
More hope out of his life than he supposed
That any old man ever could have lost.
As soon as he had armed himself with strength
To look his trouble in the face, it seemed
The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at once
A portion of his patrimonial fields.
Such was his first resolve; he thought again,
And his heart failed him. "Isabel," said he,
Two evenings after he had heard the news,
"I have been toiling more than seventy years,
And in the open sunshine of God's love
Have we all lived: yet if these fields of ours
Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think
That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
Our lot is a hard lot; the sun himself
Has scarcely been more diligent than I;
And I have lived to be a fool at last
To my own family. An evil man
That was, and made an evil choice, if he
Were false to us; and if he were not false,
There are ten thousand to whom loss like this
Had been no sorrow. I forgive him;—but
'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.
When I began, my purpose was to speak
Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.

Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land
Shall not go from us, and it shall be free;
He shall possess it, free as is the wind
That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,
Another kinsman—he will be our friend
In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall go,
And with his kinsman's help and his own thrift
He quickly will repair this loss, and then
He may return to us. If here he stay,
What can be done? Where every one is poor,
What can be gained?"
At this the old Man paused,
And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
Was busy, looking back into past times.
There's Richard Bateman, thought she to herself,
He was a parish boy—at the church-door
They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence
And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours bought
A basket, which they filled with pedlar's wares;
And, with this basket on his arm, the lad
Went up to London, found a master there,
Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy
To go and overlook his merchandise
Beyond the seas; where he grew wondrous rich,
And left estates and monies to the poor,
And, at his birth-place, built a chapel, floored
With marble which he sent from foreign lands.
These thoughts, and many others of like sort,
Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,
And her face brightened. The old Man was glad,
And thus resumed:—"Well, Isabel! this scheme
These two days, has been meat and drink to me.
Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
—We have enough—I wish indeed that I
Were younger;—but this hope is a good hope.
—Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best
Buy for him more, and let us send him forth
To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night:
—If he *could* go, the Boy should go to-night."

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth
With a light heart. The Housewife for five days
Was restless morn and night, and all day long
Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
Things needful for the journey of her son.
But Isabel was glad when Sunday came
To stop her in her work: for, when she lay
By Michael's side, she through the last two nights
Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep:
And when they rose at morning she could see
That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon
She said to Luke, while they two by themselves
Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not go:
We have no other Child but thee to lose,
None to remember—do not go away,
For if thou leave thy Father he will die."
The Youth made answer with a jocund voice;
And Isabel, when she had told her fears,
Recovered heart. That evening her best fare
Did she bring forth, and all together sat
Like happy people round a Christmas fire.
With daylight Isabel resumed her work;
And all the ensuing week the house appeared
As cheerful as a grove in Spring: at length
The expected letter from their kinsman came,
With kind assurances that he would do
His utmost for the welfare of the Boy;
To which, requests were added, that forthwith
He might be sent to him. Ten times or more
The letter was read over; Isabel
Went forth to show it to the neighbours round;
Nor was there at that time on English land
A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel
Had to her house returned, the old Man said,
"He shall depart to-morrow." To this word
The Housewife answered, talking much of things
Which, if at such short notice he should go,
Would surely be forgotten. But at length
She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.
Near the tumultuous brook of Greenhead Ghyll,

In that deep valley, Michael had designed
To build a Sheepfold; and, before he heard
The tidings of his melancholy loss,
For this same purpose he had gathered up
A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's edge
Lay thrown together, ready for the work.
With Luke that evening thitherward he walked;
And soon as they had reached the place he stopped,
And thus the old Man spake to him:—"My Son,
To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full heart
I look upon thee, for thou art the same
That wert a promise to me ere thy birth,
And all thy life hast been my daily joy.
I will relate to thee some little part
Of our two histories; 'twill do thee good
When thou art from me, even if I should touch
On things thou canst not know of.——After thou
First cam'st into the world—as oft befalls
To new-born infants—thou didst sleep away
Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue
Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,
And still I loved thee with increasing love.
Never to living ear came sweeter sounds
Than when I heard thee by our own fireside
First uttering, without words, a natural tune;
While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy
Sing at thy mother's breast. Month followed month,
And in the open fields my life was passed
And on the mountains; else I think that thou
Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.
But we were playmates, Luke: among these hills,
As well thou knowest, in us the old and young
Have played together, nor with me didst thou
Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."
Luke had a manly heart; but at these words
He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped his hand,
And said, "Nay, do not take it so—I see
That these are things of which I need not speak.
—Even to the utmost I have been to thee
A kind and a good Father: and herein

I but repay a gift which I myself
Received at others' hands; for, though now old
Beyond the common life of man, I still
Remember them who loved me in my youth.
Both of them sleep together: here they lived,
As all their Forefathers had done; and when
At length their time was come, they were not loth
To give their bodies to the family mould.
I wished that thou should'st live the life they lived:
But, 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,
And see so little gain from threescore years.
These fields were burthened when they came to me;
Till I was forty years of age, not more
Than half of my inheritance was mine.
I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in my work,
And till these three weeks past the land was free.
—It looks as if it never could endure
Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,
If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
That thou should'st go."
At this the old Man paused;
Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood,
Thus, after a short silence, he resumed:
"This was a work for us; and now, my Son,
It is a work for me. But, lay one stone—
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.
Nay, Boy, be of good hope;—we both may live
To see a better day. At eighty-four
I still am strong and hale;—do thou thy part;
I will do mine.—I will begin again
With many tasks that were resigned to thee:
Up to the heights, and in among the storms,
Will I without thee go again, and do
All works which I was wont to do alone,
Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless thee, Boy!
Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast
With many hopes; it should be so—yes—yes—
I knew that thou could'st never have a wish
To leave me, Luke: thou hast been bound to me
Only by links of love: when thou art gone,

What will be left to us!—But, I forget
My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,
As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,
When thou art gone away, should evil men
Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,
And of this moment; hither turn thy thoughts,
And God will strengthen thee: amid all fear
And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou
May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived,
Who, being innocent, did for that cause
Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well—
When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see
A work which is not here: a covenant
'Twill be between us; but, whatever fate
Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,
And bear thy memory with me to the grave."
The Shepherd ended here; and Luke stooped down,
And, as his Father had requested, laid
The first stone of the Sheepfold. At the sight
The old Man's grief broke from him; to his heart
He pressed his Son, he kissèd him and wept;
And to the house together they returned.
—Hushed was that House in peace, or seeming peace,
Ere the night fell:—with morrow's dawn the Boy
Began his journey, and when he had reached
The public way, he put on a bold face;
And all the neighbours, as he passed their doors,
Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,
That followed him till he was out of sight.
A good report did from their Kinsman come,
Of Luke and his well-doing: and the Boy
Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news,
Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were throughout
"The prettiest letters that were ever seen."
Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.
So, many months passed on: and once again
The Shepherd went about his daily work
With confident and cheerful thoughts; and now
Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour

He to that valley took his way, and there
Wrought at the Sheepfold. Meantime Luke began
To slacken in his duty; and, at length,
He in the dissolute city gave himself
To evil courses: ignominy and shame
Fell on him, so that he was driven at last
To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.
  There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain, or break the heart:
I have conversed with more than one who well
Remember the old Man, and what he was
Years after he had heard this heavy news.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks
He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud,
And listened to the wind; and, as before,
Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep,
And for the land, his small inheritance.
And to that hollow dell from time to time
Did he repair, to build the Fold of which
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
The pity which was then in every heart
For the old Man—and 'tis believed by all
That many and many a day he thither went,
And never lifted up a single stone.
  There, by the Sheepfold, sometimes was he seen
Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog,
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
The length of full seven years, from time to time,
He at the building of this Sheepfold wrought,
And left the work unfinished when he died.
Three years, or little more, did Isabel
Survive her Husband: at her death the estate
Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand.
The Cottage which was named The Evening Star
Is gone—the ploughshare has been through the ground
On which it stood; great changes have been wrought
In all the neighbourhood:—yet the oak is left

That grew beside their door; and the remains
Of the unfinished Sheepfold may be seen
Beside the boisterous brook of Greenhead Ghyll.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ECHETLOS

HERE is a story shall stir you! Stand up, Greeks dead and gone,
Who breasted, beat Barbarians, stemmed Persia rolling on,
Did the deed and saved the world, for the day was Marathon!

No man but did his manliest, kept rank and fought away
In his tribe and file! up, back, out, down—was the spear-arm play:
Like a wind-whipt branchy wood, all spear-arms a-swing that day!

But one man kept no rank and his sole arm plied no spear,
As a flashing came and went, and a form i' the van, the rear,
Brightened the battle up, for he blazed now there, now here.

Nor helmed nor shielded, he! but, a goat-skin all his wear,
Like a tiller of the soil, with a clown's limbs broad and bare,
Went he ploughing on and on: he pushed with a ploughman's share.

Did the weak mid-line give way, as tunnies on whom the shark
Precipitates his bulk? Did the right-wing halt when, stark
On his heap of slain lay stretched Kallimachos Polemarch?

Did the steady phalanx falter? To the rescue, at the need,
The clown was ploughing Persia, clearing Greek earth of weed,
As he routed through the Sakian and rooted up the Mede.

But the deed done, battle won,—nowhere to be descried
On the meadow, by the stream, at the marsh,—look far and wide
From the foot of the mountain, no, to the last blood-plashed seaside,—

Not anywhere on view blazed the large limbs thonged and brown,
Shearing and clearing still with the share before which—down
To the dust went Persia's pomp, as he ploughed for Greece, that clown!

How spake the Oracle? "Care for no name at all!
Say but just this: 'We praise one helpful whom we call
The Holder of the Ploughshare.' The great deed ne'er grows small."

Not the great name! Sing—woe for the great name Miltiadés
And its end at Paros isle! Woe for Themistokles
—Satrap in Sardis court! Name not the clown like these!

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat:
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride.
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?"
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar:
"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.
"At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonair,
"But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,
"So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
"By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.
"But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
"For the length and breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men.
"There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
"And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen."
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of a gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if ye can ride!"
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars as a maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woeful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was there to strive,
"'Twas only by favour of mine," quoth he, "ye rode so long alive:
"There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,
"But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.
"If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
"The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row;

"If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
"The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly."
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "Do good to bird and beast,
"But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.
"If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
"Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.
"They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,
"The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
"But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren wait to sup,
"The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog, and call them up!
"And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,
"Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back!"
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.
"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and grey wolf meet.
"May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;
"What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?"
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I hold by the blood of my clan:
"Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she has carried a man!"
The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast;
"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she loveth the younger best.

"So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
"My 'broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain."
The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,
"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "will ye take the mate from a friend?"
"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a limb for the risk of a limb.
"Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!"
With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—
He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.
"Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a troop of the Guides,
"And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides:
"Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
"Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
"So thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,
"And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line,
"And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—
"Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur."

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they have found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt:
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter Guard, full twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.
"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son. "Put up the steel at your sides!
"Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis a man of the Guides!"

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

MAXIME LABELLE

A CANADIAN VOYAGEUR'S ACCOUNT OF THE NILE EXPEDITION

VICTORIAW: she have beeg war, E-gyp's de nam' de place—
An' neeger peep dat's leev' im dere, got very black de face,
An' so she's write Joseph Mercier, he's stop on Trois Rivières—
"Please come right off, an' bring wit' you t'ree honder voyageurs.

"I got de plaintee sojer, me, beeg feller six foot tall—
Dat's Englishman, an' Scotch also, don't wear no pant at all;

Of course, de Irishman's de bes', raise all de row he can,
But noboddy can pull batteau lak good Canadian man.

"I geev you steady job for sure, an w'en you get 'im t'roo
I bring you back on Canadaw, don't cos' de man un sou,
Dat's firs'-class steamboat all de way Kebeck an' Leever-
pool,
An' if you don't be satisfy, you mus' be beeg, beeg fool."

We meet upon Hotel Dufresne, an' talk heem till daylight,
An' Joe he's treat so many tam, we very near get tight,
Den affer w'ile, we mak' our min' dat's not bad chance,
an' so
Joseph Mercier he's telegraph, "Correc', Madame, we go."

So Joe arrange de whole beez-nesse wit' Queen Victoriaw;
Two dollar day—work all de tam—dat's purty good
l'argent!
An' w'en we start on Trois Rivières, for pass on boar'
de ship,
Our frien' dey all say, "Bon voyage," an' den Hooraw!
E-gyp'!

Dat beeg steamboat was plonge so muche, I'm 'fraid she
never stop—
De Capitaine's no use at all, can't kip her on de top—
An' so we all come very sick, jus' lak one leetle pup,
And ev'ry tam de ship's go down, de inside she's go up.

I'm sorry spoke lak dis, ma frien', if you don't t'ink
it's so,
Please ax Joseph Mercier hese'f, or Aleck De Courteau,
Dat stay on bed mos' all de tam, so sick dey nearly die,
But lak' some great, beeg Yankee man, was never tole
de lie.

De gang she's travel, travel, t'roo many strange contree,
An' ev'ry place is got new nam', I don't remember, me,
We see some fonny t'ing, for sure, more fonny I can tell,
But w'en we reach de Neel Rivière, dat's feel more naturel.

So many fine, beeg sojer man, I never see before,
All dress heem on grand uniform, is wait upon de shore,
Some black, some green, an' red also, cos' honder dollar sure,
An' holler out, "She's all right now, here come de voyageurs!"

We see boss Generale also, he's ride on beeg chameau,
Dat's w'at you call Ca-melle, I t'ink, I laugh de way she go!
Jomp up, jomp down, jomp every place, but still de Generale
Seem satisfy for stay on top, dat fonny an-i-mal.

He's holler out on Joe Mercier, "Comment ça va Joseph,
You lak for come right off wit' me, tak' leetle ride yourseff?"
Joseph, he mak' de grand salut, an' tak' it off hees hat.
"Merci, Mon Generale," he say, "I got no use for dat."

Den affer we was drink somet'ing, an' sing "Le Brigadier,"
De sojer fellers get prepare, for mak' de embarquer,
An' everybody's shout heem out, w'en we tak' hole de boat,
"Hooraw pour Queen Victoriaw!" an' also "pour nous autres."

Bigosh; I do hard work mese'f upon de Ottawa,
De Gatineau an' St. Maurice, also de Mattawa,
But I don't never work at all, I 'sure you dat's a fack,
Until we strike de Neel Rivière, an' sapré Catarack!

"Dis way, dat way, can't keep her straight," "look out, Bateese, look out!"
"Now let her go"—"arrête un peu," dat's way de pilot shout,
"Don't wash de neeger girl on shore," an' "prenez garde behin',"
"W'at's matter wit' dat rudder man? I t'ink he's goin' blin'!"

Some tam of course, de boat's all right, an' carry us
along,
An' den again, we mak portage, w'en current she's too
strong.
On place lak dat, we run good chance, for sunstruck on
de neck,
An' plaintee tam we wish ourseff was back on ole Kebeck.

De seconde Catarack we pass, more beeger dan de Soo,
She's nearly t'orty mile for sure, it would astonish you,
Dat's place t'ree Irishman get drown, wan day we have
beeg storm,
I s'pose de Queen is feel lak cry, los' dat nice uniform!

De night she's very, very cole, an' hot upon de day,
An' all de tame, you feel jus' lak you're goin' melt away,
But never min' an' don't get scare, you mak' it up all
right,
An' twenty poun' you los' dat day, she's comin' back
sam' night.

We got small bugle boy also, he's mebbe stan' four foot,
An' firs' t'ing ev'ry morning, sure, he mak it toot! toot!
toot!
She's nice enough upon de day, for hear de bugle call,
But w'en she play before daylight, I don't lak dat at all.

We mus' get up immediatement, dat leetle feller blow,
An' so we start heem off again, for pull de beeg batteau,
De sojer man he's nice, nice boy, an' help us all he can,
An' geev heem chance, he's mos' as good lak some Canadian
man.

Wall all de tam, she go lak dat, was busy every day,
Don't get moche chance for foolish-ness, don't get no
chance for play,
Dere's plaintee danger all aroun', an' w'en we're comin'
back
We got look out for run heem safe, dem sapré Catarack.

But w'ere's de war? I can't mak' out, don't see no fight
at all!
She's not'ing but une Grande Piqnique, dat's las'in' all de
fall!
Mebbe de neeger king he's scare, an' skip anoder place,
An' pour la Reine Victoriaw! I never see de face.

But dat's not ma beez-nesse, ma frien', I'm ready pull
batteau
So long she pay two dollar day, wit' pork an' bean also;
An' if she geev me steady job, for mak' some more l'argent,
I saw, "Hooraw! for all de tam, on Queen Victoriaw!"

W. H. Drummond.

II. DESCRIPTIVE AND IDYLLIC

DUCKS

I

From troubles of the world
I turn to ducks,
Beautiful comical things
Sleeping or curled
Their heads beneath white wings
By water cool,
Or finding curious things
To eat in various mucks
Beneath the pool,
Tails uppermost, or waddling
Sailor-like on the shores
Of ponds, or paddling
—Left! right!—with fanlike feet
Which are for steady oars
When they (white galleys) float
Each bird a boat
Rippling at will the sweet
Wide waterway . . .
When night is fallen *you* creep
Upstairs, but drakes and dillies
Nest with pale water-stars,
Moonbeams and shadow bars,
And water-lilies:
Fearful too much to sleep
Since they've no locks
To click against the teeth
Of weasel and fox.
And warm beneath

Are eggs of cloudy green
Whence hungry rats and lean
Would stealthily suck
New life, but for the mien,
The bold ferocious mien
Of the mother-duck.

II

Yes, ducks are valiant things
On nests of twigs and straws,
And ducks are soothy things
And lovely on the lake
When that the sunlight draws
Thereon their pictures dim
In colours cool.
And when beneath the pool
They dabble, and when they swim
And make their rippling rings,
O ducks are beautiful things!

But ducks are comical things:—
As comical as you.
Quack!
They waddle round, they do.
They eat all sorts of things,
And then they quack
By barn and stable and stack
They wander at their will,
But if you go too near
They look at you through black
Small topaz-tinted eyes
And wish you ill.
Triangular and clear
They leave their curious track
In mud at the water's edge,
And there amid the sedge
And slime they gobble and peer
Saying "Quack! quack!"

III

When God had finished the stars and whirl of coloured suns
He turned His mind from big things to fashion little ones,
Beautiful tiny things (like daisies) He made, and then
He made the comical ones in case the minds of men
Should stiffen and become
Dull, humourless and glum:
And so forgetful of their Maker be
As to take even themselves—*quite seriously*.
Caterpillars and cats are lively and excellent puns:
All God's jokes are good—even the practical ones!
And as for the duck, I think God must have smiled a bit
Seeing those bright eyes blink on the day He fashioned it,
And He's probably laughing still at the sound that came out of its bill!

F. W. Harvey.

DAWN ANGELS

All night I watch'd, awake, for morning:
At last the East grew all aflame,
The birds for welcome sang, or warning,
And with their singing morning came.

Along the gold-green heavens drifted
Pale wandering souls that shun the light,
Whose cloudy pinions, torn and rifted,
Had beat the bars of Heaven all night.

These cluster'd round the Moon; but higher
A troop of shining spirits went,
Who were not made of wind or fire,
But some divine dream-element.

Some held the Light, while those remaining
Shook out their harvest-colour'd wings,
A faint unusual music raining
(Whose sound was Light) on earthly things.

They sang, and as a mighty river
Their voices wash'd the night away:
From East to West ran one white shiver,
And waxen strong their song was Day.

A. Mary F. Robinson.

LAKE CORISKIN

Then each took bow and bolts in hand,
Their row-boat launch'd and leapt to land,
And left their skiff and train,
Where a wild stream, with headlong shock,
Came brawling down its bed of rock,
To mingle with the main.

A while their route they silent made,
As men who stalk for mountain-deer,
Till the good Bruce to Roland said,
"St. Mary! what a scene is here!
I've traversed many a mountain-strand,
Abroad and in my native land,
And it has been my lot to tread
Where safety more than pleasure led;
Thus, many a waste I've wander'd o'er,
Clombe many a crag, cross'd many a moor,
But, by my halidome,
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,
Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press,
Where'er I happ'd to roam."

No marvel thus the Monarch spake;
For rarely human eye had known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone.
Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
Hath rent a strange and shatter'd way
Through the rude bosom of the hill,
And that each naked precipice,

Sable ravine, and dark abyss,
Tells of the outrage still.
The wildest glen, but this, can show
Some touch of Nature's genial glow;
On high Benmore green mosses grow,
And heath-bells bud in deep Glencoe,
And copse on Cruchan-Ben;
But here,—above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken.
For all its rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side.

And wilder, forward as they wound,
Were the proud cliffs and lake profound.
Huge terraces of granite black
Afforded rude and cumber'd track;
For from the mountain hoar,
Hurl'd headlong in some night of fear,
When yell'd the wolf and fled the deer,
Loose crags had toppled o'er;
And some, chance-poised and balanced, lay,
So that a stripling arm might sway
A mass no host could raise,
In Nature's rage at random thrown,
Yet trembling like the Druid's stone
On its precarious base.
The evening mists, with ceaseless change,
Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,
Now left their foreheads bare,
And round the skirts their mantle furl'd,
Or on the sable waters curl'd,
Or on the eddying breezes whirl'd,
Dispersed in middle air.

And oft, condensed, at once they lower,
When, brief and fierce, the mountain shower
Pours like a torrent down,
And when return the sun's glad beams,
Whiten'd with foam a thousand streams
Leap from the mountain's crown.

"This lake," said Bruce, "whose barriers drear
Are precipices sharp and sheer,
Yielding no track for goat or deer,
Save the black shelves we tread,
How term you its dark waves? and how
Yon northern mountain's pathless brow,
And yonder peak of dread,
That to the evening sun uplifts
The griesly gulfs and slaty rifts,
Which seam its shiver'd head?"—
"Coriskin call the dark lake's name,
Coolin the ridge, as bards proclaim,
From old Cuchullin, chief of fame.
But bards, familiar in our isles
Rather with Nature's frowns than smiles,
Full oft their careless humours please
By sportive names from scenes like these.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE VICAR

Some years ago, ere time and taste
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnell Park was Darnell Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way, between
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the green,
And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle;

And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
  Upon the parlour steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say—
  "Our master knows you—you're expected."

Uprose the Reverend Dr Brown,
  Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow;
The lady laid her knitting down,
  Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow;
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
  Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
  And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
  And warmed himself in Court or College,
He had not gained an honest friend
  And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—
If he departed as he came,
  With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
  And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream, which runs
  With rapid change from rocks to roses;
It slipped from politics to puns,
  It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
  The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
  For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
  Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
  He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,
The Baptist found him far too deep;
  The Deist sighed with saving sorrow;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
  And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermons never said or showed
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome, or from Athanasius:
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penned and planned them,
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises, and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble Lords—and nurses;
True histories of last year's ghost,
Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,
And trifles for the *Morning Post*,
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking:
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage:
At his approach complaint grew mild;
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus;
From him I learnt the rule of three,
Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus*;

I used to singe his powered wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig,
When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change! in vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled:
The church is larger than before;
You reach it by a carriage entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid?—look down,
And construe on the slab before you,
Hic jacet GVLIELMVS BROWN,
Vir nullâ non donandus lauru.

W. M. PRAED.

III. LYRIC

THE CANE-BOTTOM'D CHAIR

In tatter'd old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all nooks
With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all crack'd),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-back'd;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn:
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottom'd chair.

'Tis a bandy-legg'd, high-shoulder'd, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee, and love thee, old cane-bottom'd chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have pass'd through your wither'd old arms!
I look'd, and I long'd, and I wish'd in despair;
I wish'd myself turn'd to a cane-bottom'd chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there, and bloom'd in my cane-bottom'd chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottom'd chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottom'd chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottom'd chair.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

CIRCE

In the School of Coquettes
Madam Rose is a scholar:—
O, they fish with all nets
In the School of Coquettes!
When her brooch she forgets,
'Tis to show her new collar;
In the School of Coquettes
Madam Rose is a scholar!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

A THRENODY

"*The Ahkoond of Swat is Dead.*"—LONDON PAPERS.

WHAT, what, what,
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-
Iterranean—he's dead;
The Ahkoond is dead!
For the Ahkoond I mourn,
Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he Ahkoodn't.
Dead, dead, dead,
(Sorrow Swats!)
Swats wha hae wi' Ahkoond bled,
Swats whom he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,
Or to victory,
As the case might be,
Sorrow Swats!

Tears shed,
Shed tears like water,
Your great Ahkoond is dead!
That Swats the matter!

Mourn, city of Swat!
Your great Ahkoond is not,
But laid mid worms to rot.
His mortal part alone; his soul was caught
(Because he was a good Ahkoond)
Up to the bosom of Mahound.
Though earthy walls his frame surround
(Forever hallowed be the ground!)
And sceptics mock the lowly mound
And say, "He's now of no Ahkoond!"
His soul is in the skies,—
The azure skies that bend above his loved
Metropolis of Swat.
He sees with larger, other eyes
Athwart all earthly mysteries—
He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With a noise of mourning and lamentation!
Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With the noise of the mourning of the Swattish nation!
Fallen is at length
Its tower of strength,
Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;
Dead lies the great Ahkoond,
The great Ahkoond of Swat
Is not!

GEORGE THOMAS LANIGAN.

A TRUTHFUL SONG

The Bricklayer:

I tell this tale, which is strictly true,
Just by way of convincing you
How very little, since things were made,
Things have altered in the building trade.

A year ago, come the middle of March,
We was building flats near the Marble Arch,
When a thin young man with coal-black hair
Came up to watch us working there.

Now there wasn't a trick in brick or stone
That this young man hadn't seen or known;
Nor there wasn't a tool from trowel to maul
But this young man could use 'em all!

Then up spoke the plumbyers bold,
Which was laying the pipes for the hot and cold:
"Since you with us have made so free,
Will you kindly say what your name might be?"

The young man kindly answered them:
"It might be Lot or Methusalem,
Or it might be Moses (a man I hate),
Whereas it is Pharaoh surnamed the Great.

"Your glazing is new and your plumbing's strange,
But otherwise I perceive no change,
And in less than a month if you do as I bid
I'd learn you to build me a Pyramid!"

The Sailor:

I tell this tale, which is stricter true,
Just by way of convincing you
How very little, since things was made,
Things have altered in the shipwright's trade.

In Blackwall Basin yesterday
A China barque re-fitting lay;
When a fat old man with snow-white hair
Came up to watch us working there.

Now there wasn't a knot which the riggers knew
But the old man made it—and better too;
Nor there wasn't a sheet, or a lift, or a brace,
But the old man knew its lead and place.

Then up and spake the caulkyers bold,
Which was packing the pump in the after-hold:
"Since you with us have made so free,
Will you kindly tell what your name might be?"

The old man kindly answered them:
"It might be Japheth, it might be Shem,
Or it might be Ham (though his skin was dark),
Whereas it is Noah, commanding the Ark.

"Your wheel is new and your pumps are strange,
But otherwise I perceive no change,
And in less than a week, if she did not ground,
I'd sail this hooker the wide world round!"

Both:

We tell these tales, which are strictest true,
Just by way of convincing you,
How very little, since things was made,
Anything alters in any one's trade.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

MARIAN

SHE can be as wise as we,
And wiser when she wishes;
She can knit with cunning wit,
And dress the homely dishes.

She can flourish staff or pen,
And deal a wound that lingers;
She can talk the talk of men,
And touch with thrilling fingers.

Match her ye across the sea,
Natures fond and fiery;
Ye who zest the turtle's nest
With the eagle's eyrie.
Soft and loving is her soul,
Swift and lofty soaring;
Mixing with its dove-like dole
Passionate adoring.

Such a she who'll match with me?
In flying or pursuing,
Subtle wiles are in her smiles
To set the world a-wooing.
She is steadfast as a star,
And yet the maddest maiden:
She can wage a gallant war,
And give the peace of Eden.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

JUGGLING JERRY

PITCH here the tent, while the old horse grazes:
By the old hedge-side we'll halt a stage.
It's nigh my last above the daisies:
My next leaf 'll be man's blank page.
Yes, my old girl! and it's no use crying:
Juggler, constable, king, must bow.
One that outjuggles all 's been spying
Long to have me, and he has me now.

We've travelled times to this old common:
Often we've hung our pots in the gorse.
We've had a stirring life, old woman!
You, and I, and the old grey horse.

Races, and fairs, and royal occasions,
Found us coming to their call:
Now they'll miss us at our stations:
There's a Juggler outjuggles all!

Up goes the lark, as if all were jolly!
Over the duck-pond the willow shakes.
Easy to think that grieving's folly,
When the hand's firm as driven stakes!
Ay, when we're strong, and braced, and manful,
Life's a sweet fiddle: but we're a batch
Born to become the Great Juggler's han'ful:
Balls he shies up, and is safe to catch.

Here's where the lads of the village cricket:
I was a lad not wide from here:
Couldn't I whip off the bail from the wicket?
Like an old world those days appear!
Donkey, sheep, geese, and thatched ale-house—I know them!
They are old friends of my halts, and seem,
Somehow, as if kind thanks I owe them:
Juggling don't hinder the heart's esteem.

Juggling's no sin, for we must have victual:
Nature allows us to bait for the fool.
Holding one's own makes us juggle no little;
But, to increase it, hard juggling's the rule.
You that are sneering at my profession,
Haven't you juggled a vast amount?
There's the Prime Minister, in one Session,
Juggles more games than my sins 'll count.

I've murdered insects with mock thunder:
Conscience, for that, in men don't quail.
I've made bread from the bump of wonder:
That's my business, and there's my tale.
Fashion and rank all praised the professor:
Ay! and I've had my smile from the Queen:
Bravo, Jerry! she meant: God bless her!
Ain't this a sermon on that scene?

I've studied men from my topsy-turvy
Close, and, I reckon, rather true.
Some are fine fellows: some, right scurvy:
Most, a dash between the two.
But it's a woman, old girl, that makes me
Think more kindly of the race;
And it's a woman, old girl, that shakes me
When the Great Juggler I must face.

We two were married, due and legal:
Honest we've lived since we've been one.
Lord! I could then jump like an eagle:
You danced bright as a bit o' the sun.
Birds in a May-bush we were! right merry!
All night we kissed, we juggled all day.
Joy was the heart of Juggling Jerry!
Now from his old girl he's juggled away.

It's past parsons to console us:
No, nor no doctor fetch for me:
I can die without my bolus;
Two of a trade, lass, never agree!
Parson and Doctor!—don't they love rarely
Fighting the devil in other men's fields!
Stand up yourself and match him fairly,
Then see how the rascal yields!

I, lass, have lived no gipsy, flaunting
Finery while his poor helpmate grubs:
Coin I've stored, and you won't be wanting:
You shan't beg from the troughs and tubs.
Nobly you've stuck to me, though in his kitchen
Many a Marquis would hail you Cook!
Palaces you could have ruled and grown rich in,
But your old Jerry you never forsook.

Hand up the chirper! ripe ale winks in it;
Let's have comfort and be at peace.
Once a stout draught made me light as a linnet.
Cheer up! the Lord must have his lease.

Maybe—for none see in that black hollow—
It's just a place where we're held in pawn,
And, when the Great Juggler makes as to swallow,
It's just the sword-trick—I ain't quite gone!

Yonder came smells of the gorse, so nutty,
Gold-like and warm: it's the prime of May.
Better than mortar, brick and putty,
Is God's house on a blowing day.
Lean me more up the mound; now I feel it:
All the old heath-smells! Ain't it strange?
There's the world laughing, as if to conceal it,
But He's by us, juggling the change.

I mind it well, by the sea-beach lying,
Once—it's long gone—when two gulls we beheld,
Which, as the moon got up, were flying
Down a big wave that sparked and swelled.
Crack went a gun: one fell: the second
Wheeled round him twice, and was off for new luck:
There in the dark her white wing beckon'd:—
Drop me a kiss—I'm the bird dead-struck!

GEORGE MEREDITH.

TO A LADY FRIEND

SINCE you have turned unkind,
Then let the truth be known:
We poets give our praise
To any weed or stone,
Or sulking bird that in
The cold, sharp wind is dumb;
To this, or that, or you—
Whatever's first to come.

You came my way the first,
When the life-force in my blood—
Coming from none knows where—
Had reached its highest flood;

A time when any thing,
No matter old or new,
Could bring my song to birth—
Sticks, bones or rags, or you!

W. H. Davies.

GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessèd Babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessèd morn;
The which His mother, Mary,
Did nothing take in scorn.
O tidings of comfort and joy.

From God our heavenly Father
A blessèd angel came;
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same;
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.
O tidings of comfort and joy.

Fear not, then said the angel,
Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of a pure Virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in Him
From Satan's power and might.
O tidings of comfort and joy.

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoicèd much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind:
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
The Son of God to find.
O tidings of comfort and joy.

And when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our dear Saviour lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.
O tidings of comfort and joy.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All other doth deface.
O tidings of comfort and joy.

ANON.

SONG

WRITTEN AT SEA, IN THE FIRST DUTCH WAR, 1665, THE NIGHT BEFORE AN ENGAGEMENT

To all you ladies now at land
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write:
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain,
Yet if rough Nepture raise the wind
To wave the azure main,

Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

The King with wonder and surprise
Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they did of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

To pass our tedious hours away
We throw a merry main,
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain

Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone, when we left you—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

But now our fears tempestuous grow
And cast our hopes away,
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play,
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

When any mournful tune you hear
That dies in every note,
As if it sighed with each man's care
For being so remote,
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were played—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness:
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears:
Let's hear of no inconstancy—
We have too much of that at sea—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

C. Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

LE ROI EST MORT

And shall I weep that Love's no more,
And magnify his reign?
Sure never mortal man before
Would have his grief again.
Farewell the long-continued ache,
The days a-dream, the nights awake,
I will rejoice and merry make,
And never more complain.

King Love is dead and gone for aye,
Who ruled with might and main,
For with a bitter word one day,
I found my tyrant slain,
And he in Heathenesse was bred,
Nor ever was baptised, 'tis said,
Nor is of any creed, and dead
Can never rise again.

A. Mary F. Robinson.

REQUIESCAT

Tread lightly, she is near
Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone
  Lie on her breast,
I vex my heart alone,
  She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear
  Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here,
  Heap earth upon it.

OSCAR WILDE.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR

COME, see the *Dolphin's* anchor forged—'tis at a white heat now;
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased—though on the forge's brow,
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe:
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O, Vulcan, what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high sun shines not so;
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show;
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe:
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster, slow

Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow;
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out"; bang, bang the sledges go;
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low—
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow,
The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cinders strow
The ground around: at every bound the sweltering fountains flow,
And thick and loud, the shrinking crowd at every stroke pant, "Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out, and lay on load!
Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road—
The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of ocean pour'd
From stem to stem, sea after sea; the mainmast by the board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains!
But courage still, brave mariners—the bower yet remains,
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky high;
Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing—here am I."
Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime:
But while you sling your sledges, sing—and let the burthen be
The anchor is the anvil-king, and royal craftsmen we!
Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red:
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped.

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the yeo-heave-o' and the heave-away, and the sighing seamen's cheer;
When, weighing slow, at eve they go—far, far from love and home;
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.
O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward, beneath the deep green sea!
O deep Sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
The hoary monster's palaces! methinks what joy 'twere now
To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foil'd and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles,
He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd miles;
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far-astonish'd shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply in a cove,
Shell-strewn, and consecrate of old to some Undiné's love,
To find the long-hair'd mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the Sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-arm'd Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?
The *Dolphin* weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line!
And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play—
But shamer of our little sports; forgive the name I gave—
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.
O lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend?
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the sea!

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON

AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS

THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop,—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsoil'd by sin—
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)
Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)

Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore a-fire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail)
Thou human humming-bee extracting honey
From ev'ry blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in Youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble!—that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamp'd from Nature's mint—
(Where did he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touch'd with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John,
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy, and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—
(I tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

THOMAS HOOD.

WORDS

OUT of us all
That make rhymes,
Will you choose
Sometimes—
As the winds use
A crack in a wall
Or a drain,
Their joy or their pain
To whistle through—
Choose me,
You English words?

I know you:
You are light as dreams,
Tough as oak,
Precious as gold,
As poppies and corn,
Or an old cloak;
Sweet as our birds
To the ear,
As the burnet rose
In the heat
Of Midsummer:
Strange as the races
Of dead and unborn:
Strange and sweet

Equally,
And familiar,
To the eye,
As the dearest faces
That a man knows,
And as lost homes are:
But though older far
Than oldest yew,—
As our hills are, old,—
Worn new
Again and again:
Young as our streams
After rain:
And as dear
As the earth which you prove
That we love.

Make me content
With some sweetness
From Wales
Whose nightingales
Have no wings,—
From Wiltshire and Kent
And Herefordshire,
And the villages there,—
From the names, and the things
No less.
Let me sometimes dance
With you,
Or climb
Or stand perchance
In ecstasy,
Fixed and free
In a rhyme,
As poets do.

EDWARD THOMAS.

BONNIE DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
"Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

"Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
The Gude Town is well quit of the Deil of Dundee!"

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and slee,
Thinking, "Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonnie Dundee!"

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was panged
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee."

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
There are wild Duniewassels three thousand times three,
Will cry *hoigh* for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

"There's brass on the target of darkened bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,—
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!"

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses, and call up the men;
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!

Sir Walter Scott.

AN INTERLUDE

In the greenest growth of the Maytime,
I rode where the woods were wet,
Between the dawn and the daytime;
The spring was glad that we met.

There was something the season wanted,
Though the ways and the woods smelt sweet;
The breath at your lips that panted,
The pulse of the grass at your feet.

You came, and the sun came after,
And the green grew golden above;
And the flag-flowers lightened with laughter,
And the meadow-sweet shook with love.

Your feet in the full-grown grasses
Moved soft as a weak wind blows;
You passed me as April passes,
With face made out of a rose.

By the stream where the stems were slender,
Your bright foot paused at the sedge;
It might be to watch the tender
Light leaves in the springtime hedge,

On boughs that the sweet month blanches
With flowery frost of May:
It might be a bird in the branches,
It might be a thorn in the way.

I waited to watch you linger
With foot drawn back from the dew,
Till a sunbeam straight like a finger
Struck sharp through the leaves at you.

And a bird overhead sang *Follow*;
And a bird to the right sang *Here*;
And the arch of the leaves was hollow,
And the meaning of May was clear.

I saw where the sun's hand pointed,
I knew what the bird's note said;
By the dawn and the dewfall anointed,
You were queen by the gold on your head.

As the glimpse of a burnt-out ember
  Recalls a regret of the sun,
I remember, forget, and remember
  What Love saw done and undone.

I remember the way we parted,
  The day and the way we met;
You hoped we were both broken-hearted,
  And knew we should both forget.

And May with her world in flower
  Seemed still to murmur and smile
As you murmured and smiled for an hour;
  I saw you turn at the stile.

A hand like a white wood blossom
  You lifted, and waved, and passed,
With head hung down to the bosom,
  And pale, as it seemed, at last.

And the best and the worst of this is
  That neither is most to blame
If you've forgotten my kisses
  And I've forgotten your name.

A. C. Swinburne.

THE DAY IS COMING

Come hither, lads, and harken,
for a tale there is to tell,
Of the wonderful days a-coming,
when all shall be better than well.

And the tale shall be told of a country,
a land in the midst of the sea,
And folk shall call it England
in the days that are going to be.

There more than one in a thousand
in the days that are yet to come,
Shall have some hope of the morrow
some joy of the ancient home.

For then, laugh not, but listen
to this strange tale of mine,
All folk that are in England
shall be better lodged than swine.

Then a man shall work and bethink him
and rejoice in the deeds of his hand,
Nor yet come home in the even
too faint and weary to stand.

Men in that time a-coming
shall work and have no fear
For to-morrow's lack of earning
and the hunger-wolf anear.

I tell you this for a wonder,
that no man then shall be glad
Of his fellow's fall and mishap
to snatch at the work he had.

For that which the worker winneth
shall then be his indeed,
Nor shall half be reaped for nothing
by him that sowed no seed.

O strange new wonderful justice!
But for whom shall we gather the gain?
For ourselves and for each of our fellows,
and no hand shall labour in vain.

Then all Mine and all Thine shall be Ours,
and no more shall any man crave
For riches that serve for nothing
but to fetter a friend for a slave.

And what wealth then shall be left us
when none shall gather gold
To buy his friend in the market,
and pinch and pine the sold?

Nay, what save the lovely city,
and the little house on the hill,
And the wastes and the woodland beauty,
and the happy fields we till;

And the homes of ancient stories,
the tombs of the mighty dead;
And the wise men seeking out marvels,
and the poet's teeming head;

And the painter's hand of wonder;
and the marvellous fiddle-bow,
And the banded choirs of music:
all those that do and know.

For all these shall be ours and all men's,
nor shall any lack a share
Of the toil and the gain of living
in the days when the world grows fair.

Ah! such are the days that shall be!
But what are the deeds of to-day,
In the days of the years we dwell in,
that wear our lives away?

Why, then, and for what are we waiting?
There are three words to speak:
WE WILL IT, and what is the foeman
but the dream-strong wakened and weak?

O why and for what are we waiting?
while our brothers droop and die,
And on every wind of the heavens
a wasted life goes by.

How long shall they reproach us
where crowd on crowd they dwell,
Poor ghosts of the wicked city,
the gold-crushed hungry hell?

Through squalid life they laboured,
in sordid grief they died,
Those sons of a mighty mother,
those props of England's pride.

They are gone; there is none can undo it,
nor save our souls from the curse;
But many a million cometh,
and shall they be better or worse?

It is we must answer and hasten,
and open wide the door
For the rich man's hurrying terror,
and the slow-foot hope of the poor.

Yea, the voiceless wrath of the wretched,
and their unlearned discontent,
We must give it voice and wisdom
till the waiting-tide be spent.

Come, then, since all things call us,
the living and the dead,
And o'er the weltering tangle
a glimmering light is shed.

Come, then, let us cast off fooling,
and put by ease and rest,
For the Cause alone is worthy
till the good days bring the best.

Come, join in the only battle,
wherein no man can fail,
Where whoso fadeth and dieth,
yet his deed shall still prevail.

Ah! come, cast off all fooling,
for this at least we know:
That the Dawn and the Day is coming,
and forth the Banners go.

W. Morris.

BALLADE OF PRIMITIVE MAN

He lived in a cave by the seas,
He lived upon oysters and foes,
But his list of forbidden degrees
An extensive morality shows;
Geological evidence goes
To prove he had never a pan,
But he shaved with a shell when he chose,
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

He worshipped the rain and the breeze,
He worshipped the river that flows,
And the Dawn, and the Moon, and the trees,
And bogies, and serpents, and crows;
He buried his dead with their toes
Tucked up, an original plan,
Till their knees came right under their nose,
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

His communal wives, at his ease,
He would curb with occasional blows;
Or his State had a queen, like the bees
(As another philosopher trows):
When he spoke it was never in prose,
But he sang in a strain that would scan,
For (to doubt it, perchance, were morose)
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

Envoy.

Max, proudly your Aryans pose,
But their rigs they undoubtedly ran,
For, as every Darwinian knows,
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

Andrew Lang.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC

A SONG IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son—
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crown'd);
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride:—
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair!

(*Chorus*) *Happy, happy, happy pair, etc.*

Timotheus placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above—
Such is the power of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode
When he to fair Olympia prest,
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
—The listening crowd admire the lofty sound!
A present deity, they shout around:

A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound!
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

(*Chorus*) *With ravish'd ears, etc.*

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face;
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first obtain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

(*Chorus*) *Bacchus' blessings are a treasure, etc.*

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain!
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he Heaven and Earth defied
Changed his hand and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,

And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies
With not a friend to close his eyes.
—With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of Chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

(*Chorus*) *Revolving in his alter'd soul, etc.*

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee!
—The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length with love and wine at once opprest
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

(*Chorus*) *The prince, unable to conceal his pain, etc.*

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!

Break his bands of sleep asunder
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder,
Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head:
As awaked from the dead
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew!
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
—The princes applaud with a furious joy:
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy!

(*Chorus*) *And the King seized a flambeau, etc.*

—Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,

And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
—Let old Timotheus yield the prize
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down!

(*Grand Chorus*) *At last divine Cecilia came, etc.*

JOHN DRYDEN.

NOTES

PART I

Page 1.—THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

1. St. Agnes' Eve: January 20, regarded as the coldest time of winter. The following day is the festival of St. Agnes, a Roman martyr of the fourth century.
5. Beadsman: a recluse spending his time in prayer for the spiritual welfare of another. told: counted.
15. rails: in the ordinary sense of railings. It is possible that Keats used it in the old sense of clothing, robes.
16. dumb orat'ries: oratories (chapels) filled with kneeling figures that are dumb because carved in stone.
22. death-bell: rung at the ceremony when he gave up the world for the life of prayer.
32. level: on the ground floor as opposed to "up aloft" (line 30).
37. argent: silver. Keats uses the herald's term, as he does later in writing gules for red and azure for blue.
47. visions: The nature of such a vision Keats told in an extra stanza which he finally discarded. The maiden would see her future husband, who would offer her delicious food, while soft strains of music could be heard. This explains the preparations suggested by Angela in lines 173–175 and the subsequent actions of Porphyro.
70. Hoodwink'd: blinded, deceived. amort: lifeless.
71. lambs: after her martyrdom she appeared in a vision with a white lamb, symbol of purity.
77. buttress'd from moonlight: protected from the moonlight by the shadow of the door-posts.
88. his lineage: his family, who were at feud with Madeline's family.
90. beldame: old woman.
105. Gossip: crony, friend.
117. St. Agnes' wool: Keats suggests that one of the charms practised on St. Agnes' Eve was the weaving of wool.
120. hold water in a witch's sieve: be master of powerful magic.

156. passing-bell: rung as the soul " passed."
171. Merlin: put in the power of demons by his treacherous sweetheart (see Tennyson's *Merlin and Vivien*).
173, 174. cates: choice food, connected with catering—four lines below. shall be stored there Quickly: shall be provided for you without difficulty (see note to line 47).
174. tambour frame: circular frame to stretch embroidery.
193. mission'd spirit, unaware: spirit with a mission and therefore careless of everything else.
198. fray'd and fled: frightened and having taken flight; i.e. flying in terror.
203. Evidently the " ceremonies " of line 50 included the preservation of absolute silence.
216. shielded scutcheon: coat of arms on shield.
236. poppied warmth of sleep, etc.: warm sleep acting like an opiate.
241. missal: prayer-book. The passage has been variously explained: (1) ornamented with figures of black heathen praying; (2) Leigh Hunt explains it as " a missal in a land of Pagans . . . where Christian prayer-books . . . are doubly cherished " ; (3) (with emphasis on " clasps ") sleep clasps Madeline as a Christian, surrounded by Pagans, would clasp a prayer-book.
257. Morphean amulet: charm that would produce sleep (Morpheus, god of sleep and dreams).
266. soother: more soothing.
267. lucent: shining. tinct: coloured.
277. eremite: hermit.
288. Entoil'd in woofed phantasies: caught in the meshes of the fancies which his brain had woven.
292. La belle dame sans mercy: the title of an old French song (not of Provence) later used as a title by Keats.
336. vermeil: vermilion.
344. Of haggard seeming: wild in appearance.
349. Rhenish: wine from the Rhine valley.
353. dragons: keeping up the idea of the stock adventure of romance.
355. darkling way: way through the dark.
376. deform: poetic for "deformed."
377. aves: prayers said to the Virgin, each beginning with the phrase "Ave, Maria."

Page 12.—The Forsaken Merman. The union of a mortal with a mermaid, or the winning of an earthly maiden by a merman, is a variation of the mermaid story not uncommon in Teutonic and other folklore. Arnold's poem, published in his first volume (1849), is based upon a Danish ballad, " Agnes

and the Merman" (see *Danish Ballads*, translated by E. M. Smith-Dampier, 1920). In this ballad the woman at her departure is forbidden by the merman to unbind her hair, to sit by her mother in church, and to bow at the holy name; all of these prohibitions she ignores and thus the spell which bound her to her sea-life was broken.

46. aye: rhyming with "way."

Page 16.—The Rider at the Gate.

2. cressets: metal vessels for holding oil for lights.
13. The: indication of extraordinary eminence as in "the Macdonald" for the head of a clan.
23. Calpurnia: Julius Cæsar's wife.
28. honing: being honed, i.e. made razor-sharp on hones (fine whetstones).
31. loaning: an untilled space between cultivated fields left as a passage for cows.
40. Pompey: "The Great" (106–48 B.C.), Cæsar's opponent and rival in the civil war. He was defeated by Cæsar at Pharsalus in 48 B.C., and fled to Egypt, where he was stabbed by his former centurion on landing. His hastily cremated remains were buried in the sand.

Page 18.—Iphigeneia and Agamemnon. The story on which the scene is based is as follows: Agamemnon, leader of the Greeks, had offended the goddess Artemis (Diana) by killing her favourite deer, and when the Greek fleet was on the point of departing from Aulis, in Bœotia, on the expedition against Troy, Artemis produced a calm so that the fleet could not sail. The wise soothsayer of the host, Calchas, advised Agamemnon to sacrifice his daughter Iphigeneia to appease the goddess, and to this the king finally consented.

13. Olympus: the mountain where the Greek gods resided.
15. king of men: constant epithet of Agamemnon in the *Iliad*.
22. it: the voice of birds.
26. laid down my hair: she would have cut it off as a necessary ceremony before marriage. According to Frazer (*Golden Bough*, I. 28), this offering was made sometimes to Artemis and sometimes to Hippolytus, bridegroom of Artemis.
30. Nymphs: inferior Greek divinities, beautiful maidens in the service of Artemis, Pan, etc.
33. Hymen: God of marriage.
34. And (after these divinities, who specially heed the prayers of maidens).
35. our own Athena. Athena, goddess of Wisdom, was especially worshipped in Iphigeneia's home, Mycenæ.

The constant epithet for her is "glaucopis," grey-eyed.

Page 19.—The Church of Brou.

1. Savoy: district south of Lake Geneva, now part of France.
17. prickers: light horsemen.
22. ridings: glades.
112. at the St. John: on St. John's Day, June 24.
124. clips: surrounds closely.
134. dight: arrayed.
157, 158. In the normal church plan transepts are short arms extending from the foot of the choir to the north and south, the nave the main part extending from the same point to the West front.
188. clere-story: side wall of the nave above the aisle roof.
197. leads: strips of lead covering the roof.

Page 25.—Miss Thompson Goes Shopping.

1. downs: rolling hills, especially in the county of Sussex.
23. snecked: latched.
57–59. The picture is of a great array of beach shoes (Amer. "sneakers") hung loosely by their laces.
83. Scotch pebble: Scotch agate.
85. sees: fancies.
91. six-and-nine: six shillings and ninepence.
110. kippers: kippered (dried and smoked) herrings.
160. chemist's: apothecary's, druggist's.

Page 33.—The Deserted Village. In this poem Goldsmith has two aims—to paint an idealised picture of his own Irish home, the village of Lissoy; and to warn the nation against the dangers of commercial development, causing unequal distribution of wealth, the decline of agriculture, and the ruin of the sturdy farming class.

12. decent: in the Latin (*decens*) sense of comely.
22. sleights of art: artful tricks.
27. mistrustless: unconscious, unsuspicious.
35. lawn: open grassy country.
39. one only master: some successful merchant who has bought it all up for an estate.
40. The production of the field is curtailed to a half a crop.
44. bittern: species of bird allied to the heron—associated with lonely places. Cf. Isaiah xiv. 23. Goldsmith, speaking in his *Animated Nature* of the cry of the waterfowl, says, "Of all these sounds there is none so hollow as the booming of the bittern. . . . I remember in the place where I was a boy, with what terror this bird's note affected the whole village."
63. trade's unfeeling train: the hard-hearted business men.

64. dispossess the swain: A pamphlet published in 1786 complains that of "several hundred villages that forty years ago contained between 400 and 500 inhabitants, very few will be found to exceed 80; . . . nay, some contain only one poor, old, decrepit man or woman hired by the occupiers of the land. . . . The young and healthy have dispersed themselves; those that could pay their passage have transported themselves to America" (quoted in Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, chap. xxiii.).
117. responsive: answering (probably with another verse of the song).
122. vacant: free from care (so in line 257).
126. gale: air or wind (not necessarily strong).
140. The village preacher: drawn from Goldsmith's father.
142. passing rich: surpassingly rich, very rich.
149. vagrant train: vagrants. "Train" is used vaguely here as in lines 63, 252.
194. furze: a shrub with brilliant yellow flowers like those of broom, found on commons and other waste places.
205–206. The rhyme is defective, but elsewhere in Goldsmith "fault" is pronounced without the "l."
209. terms and tides: "term" is used in connection with law-courts and universities, as Michaelmas term (beginning in September); "tide" is used of church festivals, as Christmas-tide, Easter-tide.
210. gauge: calculate areas and volumes.
221. nut-brown: conventional way of describing ale.
232. The Twelve Good Rules: certain rules of conduct ascribed to Charles I., such as "Pick no quarrels," "Reveal no secret." Royal Game of Goose: a dice game on a board which had geese painted on it.
248. mantling bliss: metonymy for ale.
259. long pomp: pomp originally meant a procession. It may mean that here, or else an ostentatious entertainment (cf. line 317).
281. seat: country house and estate.
288. Secure to please: secure in the original (Latin) sense of "careless." She pleased without effort.
303–308. "At the Revolution of 1688 . . . vast commons and wastes covered the greater part of England north of the Humber. . . . But the numerous enclosure bills which began with the reign of George II., and especially marked that of his successor, changed the whole face of the country" (Green, *History of the English People*, chap. x. See Lecky, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, chap. xxiii., for further information on enclosure acts).
318. black gibbet: The number of capital crimes was very

large and included minor offences like stealing and the cutting down of trees in an orchard. "Gallows were erected in every important quarter of the city, and on many of them corpses were left rotting in chains" (Lecky, chap. iii.).

319. dome: elaborate pleasure palaces like Vauxhall and Ranelagh with its rotunda 150 feet in diameter.
336. wheel: spinning-wheel.
344. Altama: the river Altamaha, in Georgia.
355. tigers: not often found at large in North America.
418. Torno (Tornea): a Swedish river. Pambamarca: a mountain in Ecuador.
428. labour'd mole: carefully constructed breakwater.

Page 44.—Farewell in February. There is some resemblance in theme between this poem and the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. Each poet shows the defects of the real and transitory world. Mrs Lynd, who is leaving a real garden, transforms it into a portable and imperishable garden of the fancy.

28. Thorough: through (an older spelling).
36. Michaelmas: September 29.
43. breathe . . . be (44): future.
59. substantial: permanent.

Page 47.—The Poplars.

4. yew: the leaves of which are poisonous to cattle.
13. savour: relish. The word indicates both the characteristic flavour of the "old forgotten things" and the poet's pleasure in them.
17. fool's bells: bells of the circus clown. The so-called "realities" of maturity are mere foolish distractions compared with the imaginings of childhood.

Page 48.—Unknown Country.

1. they: people of the "unknown country," some country district which the habit of ages has cut off from the rest of the English nation and especially from the townsfolk.
11. toast on frothing toast: one foaming toast after another.
16. ancients: old men.

Page 49.—Norman Church : New Coalfield. This poem should be read in connection with *Unknown Country* to show surrender and resistance, respectively, to the Industrial Revolution.

3. corn: grain in general.
4. won: originally this verb meant "to strive," later "to gain by striving."

6. headstocks: the supports for the wheels that control the elevators of the mine shaft.
7. Pubs: saloons. fags: slang for cigarettes.
9. Council schools: under the authority of city or town or county council, as distinguished from private schools. They correspond, in a general way, with our "public" schools.
10. spoil banks: refuse-heaps at the mouth of a mine.
14. derelicted: abandoned; the word is formed irregularly from "derelict," *n.* and *adj.*
16. tar-mac: "The registered trade-mark of a kind of tar macadam consisting of iron slag impregnated with tar and creosote" (*New English Dictionary*).

Page 50.—A Summer Storm.

6. twanging: an allusion to the distinctive sound that accompanies a nighthawk's swoop.

Page 51.—On the Wings of the Morning. This title is suggested by a phrase of Psalms cxxxix. 9, applied to a sort of magical annihilation of space.

12. cubist-patterned: designed by a "cubist," an artist who represents natural objects by rectilinear figures.
51. nose: front of the machine.

Page 53.—Snake.

4. carob-tree: or carob, an evergreen "found in countries bordering the Mediterranean; the St. John's bread."
21. Etna: a famous volcano on the east coast of Sicily.
32. perversity: unreasoning inclination to do the opposite of what is usually done in such a case.
33. honoured: in acting as host to such a guest (line 28).
66. albatross: an allusion to the albatross which the Ancient Mariner had first treated as a friend—a guest—and afterward shot.
68. again like a king: he had acted with all the assurance and dignity of a king (lines 41–49).

Page 55.—The Swimmers.

6. tell: count.
11. saturate: poetic for saturated.
17. beat: the stony path (cf. policeman's "beat"). dull: because everything on the land is parched and lifeless.

Page 58.—Zuleika. The *ei* in this name is probably pronounced like the same combination in *skein*,

Page 59.—ST. AGNES' EVE. For the legend connected with this date (the evening before January 20) see note to *The Eve of St. Agnes* (p. 183).

16. argent: the *silver* moon.

17. Lamb: In the legend St. Agnes (Lat. *agnus*=lamb) was attended by a white lamb, symbol of purity. There is thus a natural association between the mediæval belief and the biblical conception of Jesus, " The Lamb of God."

Page 60.—MARCHING ALONG. The first of a series of three " Cavalier Tunes " which appeared in *Dramatic Lyrics*, 1842.

2. crop-headed: the reason they were called " Roundheads." swing: be hanged.

3. pressing: forcing into service.

7. Pym: one of the great leaders of the Long Parliament. parles: parleys, discourses.

13, 14. Hampden, Hazelrig, Fiennes, Harry (Sir Harry Vane, the younger) were all prominent leaders on the Parliamentary side.

15. Rupert: Prince Rupert of the Palatinate, nephew of Charles I., and renowned as a cavalry leader in the Great Civil War.

22. Nottingham: where Charles I. raised the royal standard, August 22, 1642.

Page 61.—THE CHORISTERS.

14. celebrants: officiating priests.

52. litanies: the Litany is a series of petitions for use in church service.

53. tanager: a small bird related to the finches, usually brilliantly coloured.

55. canticle: little hymn.

66. hermit: hermit-thrush, an American bird of retiring habits.

Page 63.—THE PIPER: written by Blake as the Introduction to his *Songs of Innocence*.

Page 65.—THE TIGER.

3. What immortal hand: Blake's earlier rough drafts of the poem show even more clearly than the final one that he pictured the Creator as forging severally the organs of the beast and then assembling them.

7. on what wings, etc.: what mighty wings must he (the Creator) have had on which to voyage into the " deeps " where the fire of the tiger's eyes originally

burnt. (With "dare" in lines 7, 8, and 16 supply "could," lines 4, 10.)

12. **What dread hand?** To this and the next question the answer is "God's."
17. **threw down their spears:** threw them down in admiration of the work of God. The stars are spoken of (Job xxxviii. 7) as rejoicing in the Creator's work.
18. **tears:** of joy (cf. *The Piper*, line 12).

Page 65.—The New Jerusalem. This, the Preface to Blake's *Milton*, is called by Swinburne a "strange and grand prelude, which, though taken in the letter it may read like foolishness, is in the spirit of it certainty and truth for all time." Blake is not, of course, referring to the bodily presence of Christ in England at any particular time, but to a former ascendancy of Christ's Spirit, which the poet would strive to restore.

8. **dark Satanic mills:** a phrase that shows Blake's hatred of industrialism.
12. **chariot of fire:** see 2 Kings ii. 11, 12.

Page 66.—Contentment. The quotation below this title is taken from the "Ballad" in *The Vicar of Wakefield.*

3. **plain brown stone:** the most fashionable building material in Holmes's day.
21, 22. He would consent to be plenipotentiary (ambassador with full powers) to the Court of St. James, i.e. to Great Britain.
24. **Gubernator:** Governor (of Massachusetts).
39. **two, forty-five:** a mile in 2 min. 45 sec., i.e. extremely fast for a carriage horse.
44. Titian and Raphael were famous Italian painters of the sixteenth century.
46. **Turner:** an English landscape painter (1775–1851).
59. **Stradivarius:** Italian violin-maker of about 1700, never surpassed.
64. **of buhl:** with delicate inlaid patterns.

Page 68.—The Haunted Palace. In the prose tale, *The Fall of the House of Usher*, from which these verses are taken, Poe suggests that in its setting the poem is allegorical. The palace is a human being, at first normal, later afflicted with insanity. The windows are eyes, the door a mouth, and so on. There is no obvious reason in the poem itself, however, for insisting on this allegorical meaning.

22. **Porphyrogene:** born to the purple, i.e. royal.
42. **red-litten:** an unjustifiable form.

Page 70.—After the Shower.

10. **smilacina:** one of the lily family, commonly called "false-Solomon's-seal." One of the species is the

star-flowered lily-of-the-valley. The small, white flowers are arranged in long clusters (racemes), hence " spires of honey-scent and light " (line 11).

Page 70.—PÈRE LALEMANT. Father Lalemant was a French Jesuit, one of the earliest missionaries to the Huron Indians of Canada.

1. This line refers to the lifting of the consecrated bread before the congregation in the celebration of Mass.
8. byre: stable.
22. Mont Royal and Stadacona: Montreal and Quebec.
26. folds: sheepfolds ; a common figure for church.
29. St. Ignace and St. Louis: Jesuit mission posts between Lake Simcoe and Georgian Bay, attacked and destroyed by the Iroquois in 1649. It was in the massacre at St. Louis that Father Lalemant and Father Brébeuf were captured (see Parkman, *The Jesuit Missions in North America*, chap. xxvii.).
32. Sidonian cedars: see 1 Kings v. 6, etc.
35. Shall I confess, etc.: Shall I imitate St. Francis of Assisi in hearing the birds confess their sins ?
36. St. Francis-like: Francis of Assisi (1182–1226), founder of the Franciscan order of friars, loved all creatures, birds and beasts and men, whom he called indifferently his brothers.
39. scrip: beggar's or pilgrim's wallet.
49. thy rod: cf. Psalm xxiii.

Page 72.—JUST A CLERK.

21. Galahad's glades: Galahad, son of Lancelot, is well known as the one of Arthur's Knights who achieved the quest of the Holy Grail (see Tennyson's poem *The Holy Grail*).

Page 73.—THE ICE-CART.

24. bulks of death: the pursuing bears.

Page 74.—THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

8. madrigals: short amorous poems, such as are fitted for singing.

Page 75.—HER REPLY.

5. You speak as if flocks were always feeding ; the time will come when they must be driven to shelter.
7. Philomel: the nightingale, one of the " melodious birds " of the preceding poem.
8. The rest: the other birds.
22. date: end, term of life (poetic).

Page 76.—GO, LOVELY ROSE.

4. resemble: compare.

Page 77.—ROMANCE.

3. Chimborazo: one of the highest peaks of the Andes mountains in Quito, S. America. Cotopaxi: a volcano in the Andes, in Ecuador, S. America.
7. Popocatapetl: "smoking mountain," an inactive volcano in Mexico.

Page 78.—"TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY MAN."

6. will you, etc.: i.e. if you will. . . .
14. may: hawthorn blossom.
20. Paul's dome: dome of St. Paul's Cathedral in the heart of London.
Paul's dial: the dial of the great clock in the west front of St. Paul's, 17 feet in diameter.

Page 79.—THE DONKEY.

1. When fishes flew, etc.: when the world was all topsy-turvy.
15. There was a shout, etc.: see John xii. 12–15.

Page 80.—SPRING AND THE ANGEL.

24. streets of jasper, etc.: more or less conventional aspects of heaven suggested by Revelation xxi. 18, 21. asphodel: a plant of the lily family, emblematic of immortality.

Page 82.—WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL. From *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. i.

9. keel: cool, i.e. stir or skim to keep it from boiling over.
11. saw: speech, as in "wise saw."
14. crabs: crab-apples.

Page 82.—BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND. From *As You Like It*, II. vii.

12. nigh: close, i.e. deep.
14. warp: twist, ruffle.

Page 83.—THE BANKS O' DOON.

5. Thou'll: "Thou will" is Scots for "thou wilt," as "minds" (line 7) is for "mindest" (remindest).
11. ilka: every.
15. staw: stole. The *l* is silent as in "fause" and "pu'd," two lines above.

Page 84.—TAM GLEN.

1. tittie: sister.
6. poortith: poverty. mak a fen': make a shift, get along.
10. ben: in, i.e. into the parlour.

13. minnie: mother. deave: deafen.
17. gin: if (from "given"; so gif, line 31).
18. marks: silver coins each worth 26⅔ cents.
19. ordain'd: humorous allusion to the prevalent Scots belief in fore-ordination. him: Tam, as in line 17.

Page 85.—Requiem. The title would indicate that the poem is a dirge or funeral hymn. It has been carved on the stone over the poet's mountain-grave in Samoa.

4. This line seems to show not resignation but eagerness for a new adventure.

Page 86.—Sea Fever.

3. wheel's kick: when the helmsman finds the wheel restive under control.
12. trick: turn of duty, especially at the wheel.

Page 86.—On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture. The poem was written in 1788, fifty-one years after the death of Cowper's mother.

12. unexpected: the picture was apparently sent as a surprise by the donor.
50. bauble: toy.
61. confectionery plum: sugar-plum, candy.
62. fragrant waters: perfume.
66. cataracts and breaks: excesses of emotion; "breaks" is used for "broken water."
67. humour: whim, eccentricity.
71. numbers: metre, verse.
75. tissued: woven in colour.
103. seams: joints between the planks of a ship's hull.

Page 90.—Peony. The peony is called in Latin *pæonia*, after Pæon, physician of the gods. It seems always to have been associated in men's minds with healing.

"Pionia virtutem," etc. (Latin): "The peony has a hidden power." Arnoldus Villanova was famous as a physician. One of the works attributed to him was entitled *Flos Florum*, "Flower of Flowers."

17. virtue: power.
25. fragrance: not noticeable in all peonies.

PART II

Page 92.—Sohrab and Rustum. The story is taken by Arnold without much alteration of incident from the Persian *Shāh-Nāma* (Epic of Kings) of the early eleventh century. This poem of about 60,000 verses, a complete history of Persia, is mainly the work of Abu'l Kasim Mansur, surnamed Firdousi. In style Arnold has followed the tradition of the classical epic. He is reminiscent of the *Iliad* in his simple language, his clear-cut pictures, and the studied deliberation which holds up violent action for a set speech or a "Homeric" simile.

The opening of the poem introduces Sohrab, a young warrior who has left Kurdistan to seek the father whom he has never seen. That father is Rustum, the greatest warrior of Persia, who, having been separated from his wife before the birth of their child, and being later misinformed as to its sex, has never cared to claim it. Sohrab has put himself at the head of a Tartar force advancing from the east and now confronting the army of Persia on that country's north-eastern border.

2. **Oxus**: or Amu, a river rising in the plateau of Pamir and flowing into the Aral Sea. It divided Iran or Persia from the Tartar district of Turan.
3. **Tartar**: The Tartars are a race of Central Asia akin to the Mongols. They played an important part in the conquests of Jenghis Khan.
11. **Peran-Wisa** (pēran-wēsa): an old chief who acts as adviser to Sohrab in the Tartar command.
15. **Pamere**: or Pamir, an extensive plain to the north-east of Afghanistan, 13,000 feet above sea-level.
25. **thick-piled**: piled one on another or (less probably) woven with thick pile.
38. **Afrasiab** (afrā'siab): king of the Tartars.
40. **Samarcand**: an important town of Turkestan in what is now Russian territory.
42. **Ader-baijan** (ăder-bī'yan): a district in north-western Persia, now called Azer-baijan.
50. **Rustum** (roostum): the outstanding hero of the *Shāh-Nāma*. He was sent by the Persian king on a series of dangerous quests like the Labours of Hercules. In one of these he met and married the mother of Sohrab.

79. Seistan (sāēstan'): the territory of which Rustum's father, Zal, was the chieftain. It was then subject to Persia, though to-day partly within the Afghan border.
82. In the Persian epic this king, Kai Kous, is represented as very foolish and exacting. Arnold for some reason gives him the name of a later ruler, Kai Khosroo (see line 220).
98. Kara-Kul: a district just east of the Oxus, noted for its pasturage.
110. Casbin (kazbēn): a district of Persia separated from the south shore of the Caspian by the Elburz Mountains. It is now called Kazvin.
111. Aralian estuaries: the lower courses of rivers emptying into the Aral Sea.
112. frore: frozen.
116, 117. Bokhara . . . Khiva (kēva): districts of Turkestan bordering on the Oxus. ferment the milk of mares: This fermentation produces the intoxicating drink, koumiss.
118. Toorkmuns: or Turcomans, nomadic tribes between the Caspian Sea and the Oxus.
120. Attruck: or Atrek, a river flowing into the Caspian Sea from the east.
125. Ferghana: a district of Turkestan north-east of Bokhara.
126. Jaxartes, Sir, Sihon: different names for a river that flows from the Pamir plateau into the Aral Sea.
128. Kipchak: a district near the Oxus.
129. Kalmuks: a Mongolian tribe widely extended through Central Asia.
129, 130. Kuzzaks . . . Kirghizzes: closely related nomadic tribes of Turkish blood inhabiting mainly the steppes of south-western Siberia. The former are generally taken to be of the same race as the Cossacks of European Russia.
135. Khorassan: a province of north-eastern Persia.
157. Cabool: the capital of Afghanistan. Note in this line the beginning of a ten-line simile, diverting the reader's attention from the situation which it is intended to illustrate. Other examples of this device (the Homeric simile) may be found at lines 299, 553, and elsewhere.
158. Indian Caucasus: the Hindu Kush Mountains, between Afghanistan and India.
207. at gaze: looking expectantly.
218. Go to: Nonsense!
220. Kai Khosroo: see line 82. This name is the Persian equivalent of Cyrus.
227. This mistake of Rustum's is explained in lines 604–608.

263. device: crest or motto, as on shields of mediæval knights of Europe.
265. fluted spine: narrow ridge from front to back with decorative grooving.
267. Ruksh: This horse plays an important part in Rustum's whole career. Legend has celebrated the horses of other heroes, notably Alexander, Siegfried, and the King Arthur of Geoffrey of Monmouth.
283. Bahrein (bă'rān): a group of islands celebrated for their pearl fisheries.
285. tale: required number.
287. pale: the Persians, being fairer than the swarthy Tartars, resembled the "pale wife" of line 282.
327. Be govern'd: Take my advice.
360. were: would be.
409. Hyphasis or Hydaspes: Greek names of two branches of the Indus.
449. autumn star: probably Sirius (the dog-star) supposed by the ancients to bring on heat.
560. sole: alone.
567. glass: reflect.
589. Koords: or Kurds, nomadic tribes of the north-western frontier of Persia.
593. bruited up: noised about.
610. style: title.
623. wandering: knight errant.
656. seal: crest. In the Persian epic the child was to be recognised by an onyx bracelet with the crest on it.
676. Griffin: fabulous winged creature, half eagle and half lion. In the epic he is the Simurgh or Bird of God, an eagle with feathers of gold.
748. Helmund: a river of Afghanistan.
749. Zirrah: or Zereh, a lake of Afghanistan.
762. Sir: see line 126.
827. on that day. This seems to refer to the destruction of attendants of the king while they were accompanying him on his last voyage. Rustum, however, did not take part, and died later by the treachery of a relative.
858. Jemshid: a very early ruler in the Golden Age of Persia who founded the city of Persepolis. Several columns of the ruined royal palace still remain, and for long two of them bore the founder's name.
875. Chorasmian: a reference to the ancient Chorasmi whom Herodotus speaks of as dwelling by the Oxus.
877. Orgunjé (orgunjē): a town on the Oxus not far from the Aral Sea.

Page 114.—MICHAEL.

2. Ghyll: gill, deep gully.
40. Grasmere: lake in Westmorland, where Wordsworth spent most of his life.
88. telling: counting. Compare "bank teller."
100. pottage: porridge.
106. card: comb out.
169. Clipping Tree: shearing tree (Westmorland dialect).
215. discharge the forfeiture: pay the sum owed (on the note he had endorsed).
238. Were false to us: i.e. chose Michael for his surety while never meaning to pay.
353. Hadst: would have been.
416. covenant: solemn agreement. Michael is thinking of the covenants of the Old Testament.

Page 127.—ECHETLOS : from *Dramatic Idyls*, Second Series (1880). This poem embodies one of the many Greek legends about the battle of Marathon. A gigantic figure mowing down the enemy ranks was seen wherever the Greeks were hardest pressed. After the fight he disappeared, and the Greeks, anxious to learn his name, consulted the oracles. "Call him Echetlos, the Ploughshare-wielder," they said; "let his deed be his name."

5. tribe: a large group of kindred families.
11. clown: awkward fellow, especially used of a country youth.
13. tunnies: large oceanic fish. This and the next two and a half lines are not interrogative but conditional.
15. Polemarch: general. B.'s note: "The commander at Marathon was Miltiades, but Kallimachos had presided at the preliminary council of war and given his casting vote in favour of fighting."
16. phalanx: line of battle, especially Macedonian battle formation.
18. Sakian: collective for the Sacæ, a Scythian tribe that furnished the Persian king with excellent cavalry. Mede: a nation closely allied in manners, language, etc., to the Persians.
28. The line should probably be scanned thus :

Nŏt thĕ grĕat nāme! Sĭng—wŏe fŏr thĕ grĕat nāme Mĭltĭădēs.

The roughness of the metre throughout is in keeping with the undisciplined—but powerful—aid which the hero rendered.

29. Paros: after the victory of Marathon, Miltiades led an unsuccessful naval expedition against Paros, in

which he was wounded. For the failure he was prosecuted by his enemies, and the penalty would have been death; but for his great services his sentence was changed to a fine. Miltiades died of his wound and his son paid the fine. Themistocles, who won for the Greeks the naval battle of Salamis, was later ostracised by his enemies. He fled to the court of the Persian king at Sardis, was made governor (satrap) of several cities, and finally died in exile.

Page 128.—The Ballad of East and West (1889). Kipling's skilful imitation of ballad devices is worthy of special attention; for example, phrases like "till he was aware" (line 26), "as I have held it low" (line 45), internal rhymes (lines 26, 61), and repetition of lines (lines 35, 36).

1. **Border**: North-west frontier of India.
7. **lifted**: taken (cf. "lifter," line 67).
8. **calkins**: turned-down parts ("corks") of a horseshoe. He turned them to mislead pursuit.
11. **Ressaldar**: a native captain in an Indian cavalry regiment.
20. **breech-bolt**: the part of the rifle behind the bore which moves in the *breech*. **snick**: click.
21. **dun**: a dull greyish-brown colour.
26. **gut**: narrow watercourse, defile.
34. **snaffle-bars**: bit of the bridle.
50. **broken meats**: refuse of the meal. He warns him against uninvited guests.
54. **byres**: stables.
62. **dam of lances**: "What mother of lances (metonymy for "lance-bearers") gave you birth that you come out to jest?" etc.
67. **lifter's**: thief's (especially cattle-thief).
74. **ling**: heather-like plant.
82. **Peshawur**: the capital of the North-West Frontier Province of British India, near the Khyber Pass.
89. **Quarter Guard**: guard over the quarters or camp.

Page 133.—Maxime Labelle.

3. **Trois Rivières**: French for Three Rivers, a town in Quebec.
4. **voyageurs**: the (French) term applied in Canada to men employed, especially by fur companies, in transporting goods by the rivers or over land to and from remote stations.
8. **batteau**: flat-bottomed boat (French "bateau").
10. **un sou**: a cent.
18. **l'argent**: money.

41. comment ça va: how goes it?
48. pour nous autres: for us.
49–50. Ottawa, Gatineau, etc.: rivers in Quebec and Ontario.
52. sapré: French-Canadian oath.
54. arrête un peu: stop a bit.
55. wash: watch. prenez garde: take care.
61. Soo: Sault. The Long Sault rapids in the St. Lawrence just before it enters the Province of Quebec.
84. pour la Reine Victoriaw: as for Queen Victoria.

Page 138.—Ducks.

20. dillies: a nursery name for ducks; really a call to ducks.
37. soothy: soothing.

Page 140.—Dawn Angels.

11, 12. This is a reference to the ancient belief that each of the four elements had its peculiar spirit: earth, the gnome; air, the sylph; fire, the salamander; water, the nymph.
15. music: the author interprets light and colour in terms of sound here and in the final stanza.

Page 141.—Lake Coriskin. The passage is from *The Lord of the Isles* (Canto III., stanzas xii.–xvi.). Robert Bruce and Ronald, "Lord of the Isles," with their followers have just reached the isle of Skye, and, being held by adverse winds from proceeding farther, the two leaders start on a hunting expedition. Coriskin is an inland lake not far from the sea, into which it empties itself by a mountain torrent, described in the opening lines. The scene is one which made a deep impression on Scott. The passage here printed is a poetical version of the prose description he gives of the lake in his journal (see note xxxii. to *The Lord of the Isles*, Oxford Edition).

17. by my halidome: an archaic form of oath; halidom is something holy.
34. Benmore: a mountain in the isle of Mull.
35. Glencoe: a deep valley in Argyllshire.
36. Cruchan-Ben: or Ben Cruachan; a mountain in Argyllshire.
86. Coolin: or Cuilin Hills, the mountains on the south of Skye. Cuchullin: (pronounced, Koohoolin) a famous hero of Irish legend who lived probably near the beginning of the Christian era.
91. sportive names: the popular name for Coriskin is "Water-Kettle" (see Scott's journal).

Page 143.—The Vicar.

18. winsome marrow: charming wife—quoted from an old ballad, as in "Yarrow Unvisited."
20. Barrow: Isaac Barrow, a famous preacher of the seventeenth century.
22. Pundit: learned Hindu.
36. Mahomet: was formerly accented on first syllable.
42. Dissent: disagreement with Anglican Church.
46. Deist: one who held certain unorthodox beliefs concerning the Creator.
47. Levite: Jew. The tribe of Levi furnished assistants to the Jewish priests.
52. Jerome (*c.* 340–420) and Athanasius (*c.* 296–373) were two of the Fathers of the early Church. Augustine (354–430) was another (line 88).
63. Morning Post: a prominent Conservative daily, the eldest of the existing London dailies. Lamb, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and, later, Praed were a few of its famous contributors.
64. Sylvanus Urban: pseudonym of the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine.*
68. smoking: old slang word for teasing. Cf. modern "roasting."
83. rule of three: "method of finding from three given terms a fourth related to the third as the second to the first," *e.g.* $\frac{4}{5}=\frac{8}{x}$.
84. Quæ genus: versified rule of Latin genders.
92. beds: probably strawberry-beds.
98. Johnian: a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge.
103, 104. Here lies William Brown, a man not to be denied some portion of laurel wreath.

Page 147.—The Cane-bottom'd Chair.

12. brokers: second-hand dealers.
20. spinet: a musical instrument of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Its strings were plucked, not struck as in the modern piano, its lineal descendant.
23. Mameluke: a member of the military order that seized the throne of Egypt, 1254.
27. Latakie: or Latakia, a Turkish tobacco used in mixtures.

Page 149.—Circe. Circe was a beautiful enchantress of Greek mythology who turned her worshippers into wolves, lions, swine, etc.

Page 149.—A Threnody. This famous dirge, the work of a Canadian on the staff of a Chicago newspaper, was written

under the inspiration of a London dispatch which no one could explain. Swat is a district in the far north of India and the Ahkoond its ruler. The poem is obviously a parody of such an ode as Tennyson's on the death of the Duke of Wellington.

32. Mahound: Mahomet; rhymes with "nooned," as does Ahkoond (line 50), though in line 36 the latter word is made to rhyme with "mound."

Page 151.—A Truthful Song.

6. Marble Arch: famous structure on the edge of Hyde Park, London.
13. plumbyers: the poet is deliberately mispronouncing "plumbers" in imitation of certain cheap ballad-singers.
20. The Great: perhaps Khufu (Cheops) who built the Great Pyramid (before 3000 B.C.).
29. Blackwall Basin: part of the London docks.
35. sheet . . . lift . . . brace: various ropes for control of sails.
36. lead: direction.
37. caulkyers: caulkers, workmen employed usually in stuffing up seams in a ship's planking.
38. packing: stuffing it so that the piston will suck.
48. hooker: name of small Dutch craft applied, as if in disparagement, to the barque.

Page 152.—Marian.

3. wit: skill.
4. dress: prepare, cook.
5. staff: stick for rough walks or mountain-climbing.
11. Ye who zest: give a flavour of piquancy to the quiet nature of the dove by adding some of the eagle's violence. nest and eyrie: metonymy for the birds.

Page 153.—Juggling Jerry.

13. royal occasions: when crowds flock to see royalty.
24. safe: sure ; may be trusted to catch.
36. it: one's own.
43. the bump of wonder: man's capacity for wondering, supposed to show itself in a particular swelling of the skull.
48. a sermon: a lesson (against the sin of pride).
49. my topsy-turvy: my upside-down point of view.
67. bolus: pill.
72. how the rascal yields: how the Devil or Death yields (if you fight him on your own account).
81. the chirper: the ale-jug.
84. have his lease; take over his property.

86–88. Perhaps I may not pass away altogether. It may be that death, which none understands, is just one of God's disappearing tricks.

Page 157.—"God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen."

8. **Jewry**: Judea or perhaps Palestine. The word was often applied to the Jewish quarter of a town.
48. **deface**: outshine.

Page 158.—Song Written at Sea, etc.

27. **Whitehall**: a royal palace in London.
29. **Opdam**: or Obdam, the Dutch Admiral. His flagship was blown up in the ensuing battle off Lowestoft.
32. **Goree**: a town in an island of the same name off the west coast of Africa. It now belongs to France, but in 1665 it was a Dutch possession.
38. **vapour**: fall into low spirits—supposedly under the influence of mist or fog.
44. **main**: cast of the dice.
45. **ombre**: a game of cards.

Page 161.—Le Roi est Mort (French, "The King is Dead").

13. **Heathenesse**: heathendom.

Page 162.—The Forging of the Anchor.

3. **sable mound**: the black mould in which lies the fresh casting.
8. **veins**: lines of red that appear suddenly in the dark sand of the mould.
9. **Vulcan**: the blacksmith of the gods in Roman mythology.
12. **candent**: glowing white (with heat).
22. **lay on load**: deal heavy blows.
23. **bower**: either of two anchors carried at the ship's bow.
24. **heart of oak**: British sailor's heart, i.e. life. **bode**: foretell, generally of something evil; here in the colloquial sense of "promise."
45. **cat**: or cathead, horizontal beam from side to side of a ship's bow for raising and carrying the anchor.
52. **sea-unicorn**: narwhal.
54. **forlorn**: bereft.
56. **kraken**: a mythical sea-monster appearing off the coast of Norway.
57. **lubber**: awkward; in seaman's phrase a lubber is an awkward sailor. The whole line means that the monster affords a very awkward anchorage for a region where for miles the water shoals abruptly.
61. **Undiné**: a water-spirit of the female sex.

Page 165.—A Parental Ode to My Son.

9. Puck: a mischievous sprite who has various names—Robin Goodfellow, Hobgoblin, etc.
10. antic toys: frisky movements.
16. Fays: fairies.

Page 167.—Words.

20. burnet rose: one of several herbs of the rose family; pimpernel.
42. make me content, etc.: This passage follows from lines 39–41, in which the poet has observed that the very words we use for the earth (mother, e.g.) prove that we love the soil. Now he is asking "words" to satisfy his heart with the suggestion of something lovely in name, as it is beautiful in itself. The name "Wales," for example, connotes beautiful singing voices, etc.
44. Wales whose nightingales have no wings: probably refers to the Welsh voices, which are famous for their beauty.

Page 169.—Bonnie Dundee. This spirited song celebrates the exploit of John Graham, Viscount Dundee, in leading a handful of riders out of Edinburgh in 1688 to raise the standard of James II. Dundee fell a year later in the moment of victory at Killiecrankie.

1. Lords of Convention: leaders assembled in the interest of William of Orange. Claver'se (Claverhouse): name of Dundee's estate, here applied to Dundee.
2. crowns to be broke: heads to be cracked (see "Jack and Jill").
4. bonnet: Scottish cap, often called tam-o'-shanter.
6. West Port: gate on the west side of the city.
10. rung backward: rung in the reverse of the regular chime, as a sign of alarm.
11. Provost: mayor. douce: prudent.
13. Bow: a certain street with several bends. sanctified: referring to its pious Presbyterian inhabitants.
14. Ilk carline: every old woman. flyting: abusing. pow: poll, head.
15. young plants of grace: pious maidens. couthie and slee: friendly and sly.
17. sour-featured Whigs: adherents of William of Orange. In Scotland the term was applied generally to the Presbyterians (associated with the morose Roundheads of the Civil War). Grassmarket: at the foot of the Bow; in early days a place of execution. panged: crammed.
18. West: the part of Scotland most devoted to the Whig cause.
21. cowls of Kilmarnock: wearers of tam-o'-shanters, otherwise known as "Kilmarnock bonnets."

22. gullies: knives.
23. close-heads: ends of the "closes" or narrow courts.
26. Gordon: the Duke of Gordon, holding the castle for King James. gay: constant epithet of the Gordons, as in their gathering song, "The Gay Gordons."
27. Mons Meg: an old cannon in the castle said to have come from Mons, Belgium. In 1688, however, this piece was not in Edinburgh, but in London. marrows: mates.
30. Montrose: the Marquis of Montrose, an earlier Graham, who had fought brilliantly for Charles I. He was hanged in the Grassmarket, 1650.
35. Duniewassels: Highland gentlemen lower than chiefs.

Page 172.—THE DAY IS COMING. Morris's socialism was in part based on the belief that commercialism led to the accumulation of riches, that is, gold, in the hands of a few, while the labourers, upon whom these riches depended, lived a meagre life, fearful of the future. His dream was to make all classes happy, not in "riches" but in the things that procure the permanent satisfactions of life—congenial work, gardens, green fields, beautiful homes and leisure to enjoy them.

40. fetter a friend: hamper employees or debtors who should be his friends.
41 ff. This inspired passage shows the socialist merged in the poet.
44. pine: torture.
68. the dream-strong wakened and weak: the idealist who, when faced with the actual situation, is incapable of working effectively for the realisation of his dream.
89. voiceless: inarticulate; they can't give voice to their anger.
90. unlearned discontent: uninformed; they don't know the real reason why they are discontented.
92. tide: time.

Page 176.—BALLADE OF PRIMITIVE MAN.

Ballade: the French name for a fixed form of verse which normally consists of three stanzas and an "envoy," all four ending with the same refrain. The poem is built upon three or four recurring rhymes which are reproduced with exact correspondences in successive stanzas.

2. He practised cannibalism.
3. forbidden degrees: relationships forbidding matrimony.
21. never in prose: Some scholars believe that man's earliest speech was in the form of song. Certainly the earliest literature is poetry, not prose.

25. Max: F. Max-Müller, an Anglo-German scholar of Oxford who specialised in the Sanskrit division of the Aryan languages. pose: indicative, not imperative.
26. But they were certainly pretenders.
27. Darwinian: a man who believes in Evolution.

Page 177.—ALEXANDER'S FEAST is an occasional poem written for a London Musical Society, which held an annual festival on St. Cecilia's Day, November 22. St. Cecilia was regarded as the inventress of the organ and the patron saint of music.

1. Persia won: Persia had been subdued after a long series of battles and sieges.
2. Philip's warlike son: Alexander the Great, son of Philip of Macedonia.
9. Thais: a beautiful woman who accompanied Alexander on his expedition against Persia. According to one tradition she induced Alexander to burn Persepolis.
16. Timotheus: Alexander's favourite musician.
21. from: with.
24. The god appeared in the form of a fiery dragon.
26. Olympia: or Olympias, mother of Alexander.
35. assumes the god: takes on the bearing of a god.
38. Bacchus: god of wine, always pictured as youthful.
44. hautboys: a wooden musical instrument with a high-pitched tone ; oboe.
61. Darius: the King of Persia who had been conquered by Alexander.
79. Lydian: symbolic of softness, effeminacy, sensuousness.
07. Furies: the avenging deities of classical mythology, represented as fearful winged maidens with serpents entwined in their hair, and with blood dripping from their eyes.
114. unburied: It was an ancient belief that the soul of an unburied corpse was under a curse to roam the upper air.
122. flambeau: torch.
125. Helen: wife of the Greek Menelaus ; she was the cause of the war which ended in the burning of Troy.
141. She drew an angel down: according to tradition St. Cecilia was visited by an angel on account of her virtue and piety.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

ARMSTRONG, MARTIN DONISTHORPE (1882–), has come to the notice of the reading public at a comparatively recent date through the novels, short stories and poems which have appeared over his name in various English and American magazines (p. 25).

ARNOLD, MATTHEW (1822–88), son of a great English schoolmaster, was himself a great educationist. He is best known as a critic, but his poetry is of a very high quality. (pp. 12, 19, 92).

ASHLEY, KENNETH H., is an English poet who frequently contributes to English and American magazines (p. 49).

BLAKE, WILLIAM (1757–1827), was a London engraver and artist of great originality and vigour, who published his poems by etching them on copper plates with original marginal illustration. His most devoted admirers make little of his incoherent and mystical Prophetic Books, but his *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience* give him high rank among lyrical poets (pp. 63, 64, 65).

BROWNING, ROBERT (1812–89), is one of the greatest of Victorian writers. His dramatic instinct and his sympathetic grasp of human character wherever manifested is shown in such verse-plays as *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, and more notably in the dramatic monologues of *Men and Women*. He has written lyrics of great beauty. His work is often hurt by obscurity and rugged workmanship, but at his best he is a master of technique (pp. 60, 127).

BURNS, ROBERT (1759–96), Scotland's most loved poet, was the son of a poor farmer of Ayrshire. With a few exceptions, like the narrative *Tam o' Shanter*, his poems are lyrical, many being songs written to popular Scottish airs. His work is distinguished by understanding of the human heart, hatred of sham, and love of democracy (pp. 83, 84).

CARMAN, BLISS (1861–1929), "Canada's poet-laureate," is before all else a poet of nature. His *Low Tide on Grand Pré* (1893) was the first of a long series of volumes of poetry and prose (pp. 61, 90).

CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH (1874–), is an essayist, novelist, playwright and poet. His later works include a novel, *The Return of Don Quixote* (1927), a comedy, *Johnson* (1928), and several volumes of essays, short stories, and criticism. His *Collected Poems* appeared in 1927 (p. 79).

CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH (1819–61), an English poet and educationist, is the subject of Matthew Arnold's elegy *Thyrsis*. He experimented in many kinds of literature and metrical forms, but his fame rests upon a few beautiful lyrics (p. 85).

COWPER, WILLIAM (1731–1800), wrote poetry (largely "nature" poetry) to dispel the despondency which from time to time settled into attacks of insanity. His hymns, written in the fervour of his conversion to Methodism, contain some of the finest religious poetry in the language (p. 86).

DAVIES, WILLIAM HENRY (1871–), a native of Wales, led for over thirty years a roving life in America and in England, as is related in his prose work *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp*. He has published various volumes of poems mainly devoted to nature and the suffering poor (pp. 73, 156).

DAY, JEFFREY, an English poet who has contributed several pieces, chiefly descriptive, to English magazines. He was a flight commander in the R.A.F., and on February 27, 1918, was shot down while attacking single handed six German planes (p. 51).

DOBSON, HENRY AUSTIN (1840–1921), a charming essayist, is chiefly known in poetry as a writer of lighter verse, especially intricate lyrical forms of French origin such as the ballade (p. 149).

DRUMMOND, DR. WILLIAM HENRY (1854–1907), emigrated from Ireland to Canada while he was still a boy. In 1898 he issued *The Habitant and Other French Canadian Poems*, and since then he has been known as "the poet of the habitant" (p. 133).

DRYDEN, JOHN (1631–1700), the greatest literary figure of the Restoration period, wrote a number of successful plays; his satires remain unsurpassed in their field; his clear, graceful and vigorous prose has had a strong influence on English style. He produced also many inspiring lyrics, chiefly songs and odes (p. 177).

FERGUSON, SIR SAMUEL (1810–86), was an Irish antiquary and barrister who devoted much of his leisure to poetry (p. 162).

GIBSON, WILFRID WILSON (1880–), is an English poet and writer of dramas in verse. One of his latest volumes is *I Heard a Sailor* (verse). His *Collected Poems* was issued in 1926 (p. 73).

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER (1728–74), a member of Dr. Johnson's literary circle, was in practical matters markedly irresponsible and inefficient. As a writer he attained eminence in at least three fields, with his novel *The Vicar of Wakefield*, his play *She Stoops to Conquer*, and his idyllic poem *The Deserted Village* (p. 33).

HARVEY, FREDERICK WILLIAM (1888–), won the Distinguished Conduct Medal during the World War, and was taken prisoner in 1916. *Ducks* (1919) is the title of one of four volumes of verse which he has published (p. 138).

HODGSON, RALPH (1872–), is an English poet whose sympathy with the lower animals is testified by such poems as *The Bull* and *The Last Blackbird*, and by the fact that he is an authority in England on bull-terriers (p. 78).

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL (1809–94), was a New England physician, author of the *Breakfast Table* series of essays, also a writer of easy, ingenious and generally humorous verse (p. 66).

HOOD, THOMAS (1799–1845), was an English editor and humorist whose serious poems were handicapped by the popularity of his comic verse. Of the former, the best known are *The Bridge of Sighs* and *The Song of the Shirt* (p. 165).

HUNT, LEIGH (1784–1859), critic, editor, essayist and poet, if not great himself, was on intimate terms with the great writers of his time—Keats, Shelley, Byron, etc., etc. (p. 11).

KEATS, JOHN (1795–1821), has a place in the first rank of English lyrical poets notwithstanding the fact that he died at the early age of twenty-five. His longer works are *Endymion* and *Hyperion* (p. 1).

KIPLING, RUDYARD (1865–), born of English parentage in Bombay, has drawn from India material for much of his work in novel, short story and poetry. His home is now in Sussex, England. Early collections of his poems are *Departmental Ditties* (1886) and *Barrack-Room Ballads* (1892); an inclusive edition was published in 1912. No modern writer excels him in reproducing the form and spirit of the old ballad. His latest publication is *A Book of Words* (1928), a collection of speeches and essays (pp. 128, 151).

LAMPMAN, ARCHIBALD (1861–99), a Canadian, published his first volume of poetry, *Among the Millet*, at the age of seventeen, his second, *Lyrics of Earth*, when he was twenty-two; the third volume, *Alcyone*, was in the press when the poet died (p. 70).

LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE (1775–1864), is best known as the author of five volumes of *Imaginary Conversations*. Neither his prose nor his poetry is in any sense popular (p. 18).

LANG, ANDREW (1844–1912), was a Scottish writer of extraordinary versatility—poet, novelist, critic, historian and authority on folk-lore. In verse he is best known for his mastery of old French forms such as the ballade (p. 176).

LANIGAN, GEORGE THOMAS (1845–86), was a Canadian journalist of Montreal who became connected with several newspapers in the United States. The *Threnody* was one of his most successful humorous pieces (p. 149).

LAWRENCE, DAVID HERBERT (1885–1930), a novelist of repute, has also written three dramas, several volumes of poetry, an interpretation of History, many essays and short stories, and three books of travel. His *Collected Poems* in two volumes appeared in 1929 (p. 53).

LYND, SYLVIA (*née* Dryhurst), is the author of a number of poems, stories and articles that have appeared in various magazines. The poem here printed was published originally in the *London Mercury*, 1922. In 1909 she married Robert Lynd the critic (p. 44).

MACLEAN, HUGH JOHN (1887–), is a young Canadian poet of very considerable promise, as the selection here printed would indicate. His father, W. F. MacLean, M.P., was well known as the proprietor of the *Toronto World* (p. 72).

MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER (1564–93), author of *Dr. Faustus*, *Tamburlaine*, and *Edward II.*, was the greatest of Shakespeare's forerunners in the drama. He came to an untimely end in a tavern brawl. As a poet he is distinguished by vigour, imaginative power and mastery of blank verse (p. 74).

MASEFIELD, JOHN (1874–), spent a portion of his life as a wanderer, even shipping as a common sailor. He is now established in England as novelist, critic, playwright and poet. Characteristic long poems are *Dauber* and *Reynard the Fox*. He has written many lyrics and ballads, generally expressing healthy optimism and love of activity in the open. *The Midnight Folk*, a novel (1927), and *The Coming of Christ*, a play (1928), are amongst his latest work. In 1930 he succeeded Dr. Bridges as poet-laureate (pp. 16, 86).

MEREDITH, GEORGE (1828–1909), is best known from his novels, among which are *Richard Feverel*, *The Egoist* and *Diana of the Crossways*. As a poet he is sometimes difficult to understand, but many of his lyrics, like the exquisite *Love in a Valley*, win us instantly by their simplicity and melody (pp. 152, 153).

MONRO, HAROLD (1879–), has done notable service in the cause of contemporary poetry as publisher, bookseller, critic and author. Besides publishing seven volumes of poetry, he has written a survey of recent verse—*Some Contemporary Poets* (1920). His latest work is *The Earth for Sale* (1928) (p. 48).

Morris, William (1834–96), was a man of many parts. His artistic genius expressed itself in such practical matters as printing, house-decoration, and furniture-making. He was also a leader in the Socialist movement. As a writer he devotes himself mainly to romantic narrative, either in verse or in very distinctive and quaint prose (p. 172).

O'Shaughnessy, Arthur William Edgar (1844–81), was a Londoner for whom poetry was a relaxation from his labours on the staff of the British Museum. Two of his published volumes are *Music and Moonlight* and *Songs of a Worker* (p. 58).

Pickthall, Marjorie L. C. (1883–1922), came with her parents from England to Canada at the age of seven. During the last ten years of her life she was recognised as one of the foremost writers of Canada. Her verse is distinguished by religious feeling, imagination and delicacy of expression (p. 70).

Poe, Edgar Allan (1809–49), was an American writer of undisciplined character and of pronounced genius. His brilliant prose tales, such as *The Fall of the House of Usher* and *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, had great influence on the development of the modern short story. His poetry is remarkable for its imaginative power and its appeal to the ear (p. 68).

Praed, Winthrop Mackworth (1802–39), had a brilliant career at Eton and Cambridge, was a Member of Parliament and a writer of finished verse which is marked by grace and wit and sometimes by pathos (p. 143).

Raleigh, Sir Walter (1552–1618), soldier, sailor and author, was a native of Devon. His tragic story is known to every schoolboy. Most of his verse is lost, but his prose works have survived. *A Report of the Truth of the Fight about the Isles of Azores* is the basis of Tennyson's famous *Revenge*. His ambitious *History of the World* is carried down only as far as 130 B.C. His *Poems* and the *Discoverie . . . of Guiana* were elaborately re-edited in 1929 (p. 75).

Robinson, Agnes Mary Frances (1857–), the author of numerous poems, novels and historical sketches, published a critical *Life of Racine* in 1925. Her present name is Mme. Duclaux (pp. 140, 161).

Sackville, Charles, sixth Earl of Dorset (1638–1706), during his young manhood rivalled his master Charles II. in dissipation. Later in life, however, he became a notable patron of art and letters. In 1665 he fought bravely in the naval war against the Dutch, and is said to have written *To all you Ladies* on the eve of a sea-fight (p. 158).

Scott, Duncan Campbell (1862–), is Deputy Superintendent-General, Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa. He has published several volumes of poems and short stories. Dr. Scott's *Complete Poems* was issued in 1926 (p. 50).

Scott, Sir Walter (1771–1832), is justly celebrated as a novelist (*Waverley Novels*), as a writer of metrical romance (*Lay of the Last Minstrel, Lady of the Lake,* etc.), and as a collector and imitator of the popular ballad (pp. 141, 169).

Shakespeare, William (1564–1616), is unsurpassed as playwright and as poet. Outside of his dramatic verse and prose, his works consist of two narrative poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, a "sequence" of 154 sonnets, and a great number of songs scattered through the plays (p. 82).

Shanks, Edward Buxton (1892–), poet, critic and novelist, was the first winner of the Hawthornden Prize for Imaginative Literature. The selection here printed is from *The Queen of China and Other Poems* (1919). His *Collected Poems* appeared in 1926, and *Second Essays in Literature* in 1927 (p. 55).

Stevenson, Robert Louis (1850–94), is well known as the author of many novels, of which *Treasure Island* is perhaps the most famous, several collections of essays and short stories and a considerable volume of poetry. The present selection is his epitaph, which he wrote many years before his death, and which appears on his tomb at Apia, in the Samoan Islands (p. 85).

Swinburne, Algernon Charles (1837–1909), was a poet of great emotional force and dramatic sense whose interests lay largely in the romantic past, as is shown by such titles as *Atalanta in Calydon* and *Tristram of Lyonesse*. Some of his work was rejected by Victorian critics on the ground of immorality, but all admit his supremacy as a master of metre (p. 170).

Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1809–92), one of the greatest, if not the greatest of the Victorian poets, was distinguished for the sincerity of his thought and the beauty and technical perfection of its expression. His poems, varied in theme as in form, include *In Memoriam, Idylls of the King*, the drama *Becket*, and a host of lyrics. As poet-laureate he often gave fine expression to national feeling, as in the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington* (p. 59).

Thackeray, William Makepeace (1811–63), one of the great novelists of his century, was also a contributor to *Punch*, an essayist and a writer of light verse (p. 147).

THOMAS, PHILIP EDWARD (1878–1917), served with the Artists' Rifles in the World War and was killed in action in France. A collected edition of his poems appeared in 1920, with an introduction by Walter de la Mare (p. 167).

TOWNE, CHARLES HOUSON (1877–), has contributed many graceful lyrics and articles to the leading American magazines, and has collaborated in the composition of several songs and song cycles. A selection of his poems appeared in 1925 (p. 80).

TROTTER, BERNARD FREEMAN (1890–1917), a graduate of McMaster University, Toronto, served in the Great War and was killed on the Western Front in June, 1917 (p. 47).

TURNER, WALTER J. (1889–), born in China and educated in Australia and Europe, saw service as an officer in the Artillery during the World War. He has published several volumes of verse, the last, *New Poems*, in 1928. Since 1916 he has been musical critic of the *New Statesman*, and in 1927 he published a critical study, *Beethoven* (p. 77).

WALLER, EDMUND (1606-87), was an English poet who, as a member of the Long Parliament, took a prominent part in the "Ship money" case. After the Restoration critical opinion placed him in the first rank of poets, but since that time his reputation has waned until now he is well known only amongst specialists (p. 76).

WHITMAN, WALT (1819–92), was an American journalist and poet. His most famous work, *Leaves of Grass*, is made up of irregular poems unrhymed and full of mannerisms, but showing great vigour and true lyrical power (p. 77).

WILDE, OSCAR (1856–1900), was an Irishman of unstable character and of great literary versatility. He is less known as poet than as essayist, novelist and dramatist. His plays, of which the best known is *Lady Windermere's Fan*, abound in brilliant and witty dialogue (p. 161).

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM (1770–1850), is recognised as the leader of the Romantic Revival in English poetry. His interest is mainly in humble humanity and in nature. In the matter of style he has had a happy influence in the direction of simplicity and sincerity. Though *The Prelude*, *Michael*, and some ballads, might be instanced as successful narrative, his genius finds its best expression in the ode, the sonnet, and other lyrical compositions in which the "spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling" is modified by long and deep thought (p. 114).

INDEX OF AUTHORS

		PAGE
Anonymous	"God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen"	157
Armstrong, Martin	Miss Thompson goes Shopping	25
Arnold, Matthew	The Forsaken Merman	12
	The Church of Brou	19
	Sohrab and Rustum	92
Ashley, K. H.	Norman Church: New Coalfield	49
Blake, W.	The Piper	63
	The Lamb	64
	The Tiger	65
	The New Jerusalem	65
Browning, R.	Marching Along	60
	Echetlos	127
Burns, R.	The Banks o' Doon	83
	Tam Glen	84
Carman, B.	The Choristers	61
	Peony	90
Chesterton, G. K.	The Donkey	79
Clough, A. H.	Say not the Struggle Naught Availeth	85
Cowper, W.	On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture	86
Davies, W. H.	The Nature Lover	73
	To a Lady Friend	156
Day, Jeffrey	On the Wings of the Morning	51
Dobson, A.	Circe	149
Drummond, W. H.	Maxime Labelle	133
Dryden, J.	Alexander's Feast	177
Ferguson, Sir S.	The Forging of the Anchor	162
Gibson, W. W.	The Ice-Cart	73
Goldsmith, O.	The Deserted Village	33
Harvey, F. W.	Ducks	138

		PAGE
Hodgson, R.	Time, You Old Gipsy Man	78
Holmes, O. W.	Contentment	66
Hood, T.	A Parental Ode to My Son	165
Hunt, L.	Abou Ben Adhem	11
Keats, J.	The Eve of St. Agnes	1
Kipling, R.	The Ballad of East and West	128
	A Truthful Song	151
Lampman, A.	After the Shower	70
Landor, W. S.	Iphigeneia and Agamemnon	18
Lang, A.	Ballade of Primitive Man	176
Lanigan, G. T.	A Threnody	149
Lawrence, D. H.	Snake	53
Lynd, S.	Farewell in February	44
MacLean, H. J.	Just a Clerk	72
Marlowe, C.	The Passionate Shepherd to His Love	74
Masefield, J.	The Rider at the Gate	16
	Sea Fever	86
Meredith, G.	Marian	152
	Juggling Jerry	153
Monro, H.	Unknown Country	48
Morris, W.	The Day is Coming	172
O'Shaughnessy, A. W. E.	Zuleika	58
Pickthall, M. L. C.	Père Lalemant	70
Poe, E. A.	The Haunted Palace	68
Praed, W. M.	The Vicar	143
Raleigh, Sir W.	Her Reply	75
Robinson, A. M. F.	Dawn Angels	140
	Le Roi est Mort	161
Sackville, C. (Earl of Dorset)	Song Written at Sea	158
Scott, D. C.	A Summer Storm	50
Scott, Sir W.	Lake Coriskin	141
	Bonnie Dundee	169
Shakespeare, W.	When Icicles Hang by the Wall	82
	Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind	82
Shanks, E. B.	The Swimmers	55
Stevenson, R. L.	Requiem	85
Swinburne, A. C.	An Interlude	170

		PAGE
Tennyson, A., Lord	St. Agnes' Eve	59
Thackeray, W. M.	The Cane-bottom'd Chair	147
Thomas, Edward	Words	167
Towne, C. H.	Spring and the Angel	80
Trotter, B. F.	The Poplars	47
Turner, W. J.	Romance	77
Waller, E.	Go, Lovely Rose	76
Whitman, W.	A Noiseless Patient Spider	77
Wilde, O.	Requiescat	161
Wordsworth, W.	Michael	114

Printed by Turnbull & Spears
at Edinburgh in Great Britain

Date Due

PD

PRINTED IN U. S. A. CAT. NO. 23233

PR 1175 .M3 S
MacDonald, Wilbert Lorne,
A selection of English poetry
010101 000
0 1999 0016901 2
TRENT UNIVERSITY

PR1175 .M3S

MacDonald, W.L.

A selection of English poetry

DATE | ISSUED TO

004082